

*Random
Rhymes*

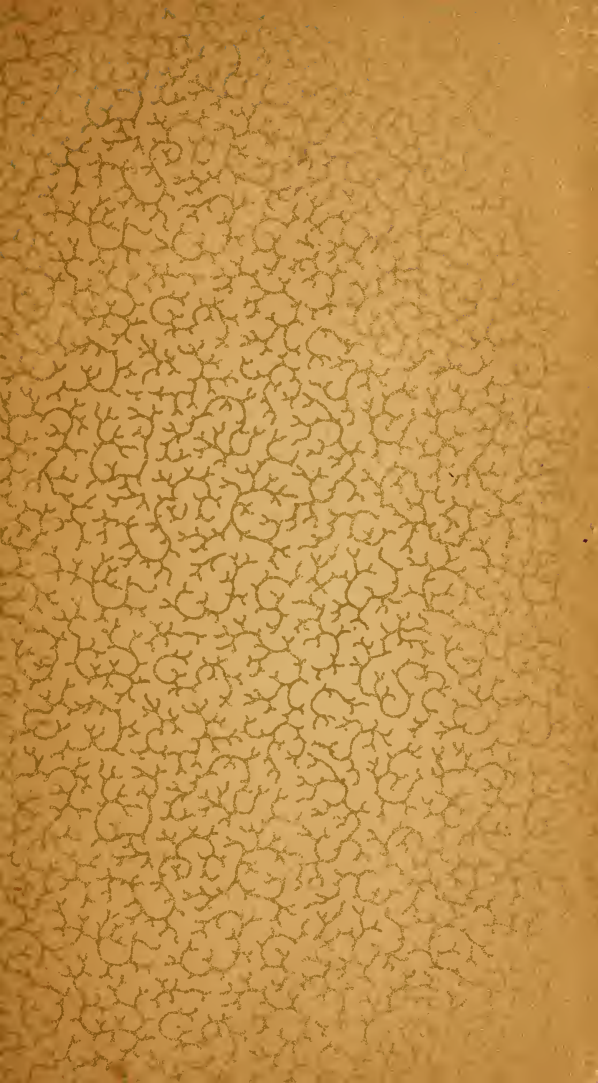
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RANDOM RHYMES.

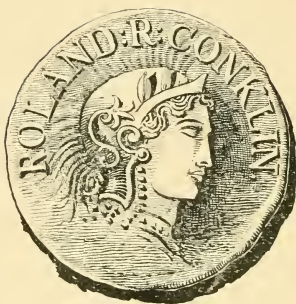
composed
by
Richard W. Bunker

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11.2. MAR 20 1910
A.M.P., Dec. 20, 1915

 F the thousands of short poems written, there are a few we would read and read again. Some casually meet the eye in a daily newspaper; others we mark in magazines or in our random reading; and, may be, in a bulky volume, written by some famous poet, we will find two or three we would remember.

As years have gone by, my scrap-book has grown apace, and these little poems and I have become quite good friends. Poems that are bright and inspiring make good comrades, and I would fain introduce these simply as my friends, though, I have no doubt, many of them are already yours.

Some attract by their beauty of rhythm and cadence of rhyme. Others appeal to that love of nature inherent in most of us; while many are in sympathy with a philosophical mood. I think there

are none here that do not contain a humorous suggestion, a beautiful thought, or an honest sentiment.

With the view of presenting in more compact form, I have had them all bound together — the light and fanciful; the poems of love and passion; and the ones with a deeper meaning suggestive of thought and duty. Taken together, they merely indicate an individual taste in varied moods.

It has been pleasant work collecting them; I find still more pleasure in presenting them to you; and if in the reading you find pleasure, my own will be doubled.

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THE MADRIGAL.

*Once, as I walked in woodlands green,
I chanced on Love where he sat alone
Catching the motes of the air, and sheen
From sun's rays broken and downward thrown.*

*"What are you doing, Love?" quoth I—
For Love and I had been comrades true,
And I speak him freely when none are nigh,
And he answers me as he might not you!*

*"I am making a madrigal," he said;
"I need but a rhyme to close it well;"
And lo! it seemed that a spider's thread
Glanced in the light and he caught its spell.*

*Wonderful, beautiful, rare, and sweet,
It lay there perfect upon his hand:
It throbbed with a murmur, soft, complete—
I could not describe: I could understand.*

*“And how will you send it, Love?” quoth I.
Ah, how he smiled! but he said no word;
But he beckoned me, and I followed shy,
And we came on a poet, all unheard.*

*There as he dreamed, did Love bestow
The little song on his ear, content;
And so fled quickly that none might know
Where it was written and how it was sent.*

— Samuel Willoughby Duffield.

ALADDIN.

When I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend nor a toy,
But I had an Aladdin lamp;
When I could not sleep for the cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store;
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright,
For the one that is mine no more.
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,
You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 'twould pain me to lose:
For I own no more castles in Spain.

— *James Russell Lowell.*

PROCRASTINATION.

To-morrow you will live, you always cry :
In what far country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far stretched, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
"To-morrow I will live," the fool doth say;—
To-day's itself too late: the wise lived yesterday.

Marcus Valerius Martialis (Cowley, Translator).

A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.

“A temple to friendship,” said Laura, enchanted,
“I’ll build in this garden—the thought is divine!”
Her temple was built, and she now only wanted
An image of Friendship to place on the shrine.
She flew to a sculptor, who sat down before her
A Friendship, the fairest his art could invent,
But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.

“Oh! never,” she cried, “could I think of enshrining
An image whose looks are so jealous and dim!
But yon little god upon roses reclining—
We’ll make, if you please, sir, a Friendship of him.”
So the bargain was struck; with the little god laden
She joyfully flew to her shrine in the grove;
“Farewell,” said the sculptor, “you’re not the first
maiden
Who came but for Friendship and took away Love.

— *Thomas Moore.*

FOUR-LEAVED CLOVERS.

I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with snow;
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaved clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know,
And God put another one for luck —
If you search you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope and you must have faith,
You must love and be strong — and so,
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaved clovers grow.

CUPID WOUNDED.

Once, as Cupid, tired with play,
On a bed of roses lay,
A rude bee, that slept unseen
The sweet-breathing buds between,
Stung his fingers, cruel chance !
With his little pointed lance.
Straight he fills the air with cries,
Weeps and sobs, and runs and flies,
Till the god to Venus came,
Lovely, laughter-loving dame.
Then he thus began to plain :
“ Oh ! undone, I die with pain ! —
Dear mamma, a serpent small,
Which a bee the ploughmen call,
Imped with wings and armed with dart,
Oh ! has stung me to the heart.”
Venus thus replied, and smiled :
“ Dry those tears, for shame ! my child ;
If a bee can wound so deep,
Causing Cupid thus to weep,
Think, oh, think what cruel pains
He that’s stung by thee sustains ! ”

— *Anacreon* (Fawkes, Translator).

AKOSMISM.

As one who to some long-locked chamber goes,
And listens there to what the dead have said,
So are there moments when my thoughts are led
To those dull chronicles whose pages close
Epochs and ages in the same repose
That shall the future as the past o'erspread,
And when but Memory may tend the dead,
Or prune the ivy where once grew the rose.
And as there to me from their pages streams
The incoherent story of the years,
The aimlessness of all we undertake,
I think our lives are surely but the dreams
Of spirits dwelling in the distant spheres,
Who, as we die, do one by one awake.

—*Edgar Saltus.*

TWO TRIOLETS.

I.

WHAT HE SAID.

This kiss upon your fan I press, —

Ah! Saint Nitouche, you don't refuse it, —

And may it from its soft recess —

This kiss upon your fan I press —

Be blown to you a shy caress

By this white down whene'er you use it;

This kiss upon your fan I press;

Ah! Saint Nitouche, you don't refuse it.

II.

WHAT SHE THOUGHT.

To kiss a fan!

What a poky poet!

The stupid man

To kiss a fan,

When he knows that — he — can —

Or ought to know it—

To kiss a fan!

What a poky poet!

— *Harrison Robertson.*

I WOULDNA GIE A COPPER PLACK.

I wouldna gie a copper plack
For ony man that turns his back
 On duty clear;
I wouldna tak his word or note,
I wouldna trust him for a groat,
Nor lift an oar in ony boat
 Which he might steer.

I wouldna gie an auld bawbee
For ony man that I could see
 Wha didna hold
The sweetness o' his mither's name,
The kindness o' his brother's claim,
The honour o' a woman's fame,
 For mair than gold.

— *Mary A. Barr.*

LIFE.

Life! I know not what thou art.

But I know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear.
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.

Then steal away; give little warning;
Choose thine own time,
Say not "Good-night"; but in some brighter clime
Bid me "Good-morning."

— *Mrs. Barbould.*

TURQUOISE.

A baby went to heaven while it slept,
And waking, missed its mother's arms and wept.
Those angel tear-drops, falling earthward through
God's azure skies, into the turquoise grew.

— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

ON A GIRDLE.

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind;
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done!

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely dear!
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass, and yet there
Dwelt all that's good and all that's fair!
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round!

— *Edmund Waller.*

AN ARAB SAYING.

Remember three things come not back :
The arrow sent upon its track —
It will not swerve, it will not stay
Its speed; it flies to wound or slay.

The spoken word, so soon forgot
By thee; but it has perished not :
In other hearts 'tis living still,
And doing work for good or ill.

And the lost opportunity,
That cometh back no more to thee.
In vain thou weepest, in vain dost yearn,
Those three will nevermore return.

— *Constantina E. Brooks, Century.*

THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

The royal feast was done; the King
Sought out some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried, "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose, "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool.

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin. But, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool.

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

“ These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heartstrings of a friend.

“ The ill-timed truth we might have kept —
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say —
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

“ Our faults no tenderness should ask;
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all.
But for our blunders — oh, in shame
Before the eyes of Heaven we fall.

“ Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave and scourge the tool
That did his will; but thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool! ”

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought the gardens cool,
And walked apart and murmured low,
“ Be merciful to me, a fool! ”

— *Edward Roland Sill.*

HER REFRAIN.

“Do you love me?” she said, when the skies were blue,
And we walked where the stream through the branches
glistened,

And I told and retold her my love was true,
While she listened and smiled, and smiled and listened.

“Do you love me?” she whispered, when days were drear,
And her eyes searched mine with patient yearning;
And I kissed her, renewing the words so dear,
While she listened and smiled, as if slowly learning.

“Do you love me?” she asked, when we sat at rest
By the stream, enshadowed with autumn glory;
Her cheek had been laid as in peace on my breast,
But she raised it to ask for the sweet old story.

And I said: “I will tell her the tale again —

I will swear by the earth and the stars above me!”
And I told her that uttermost time should prove
The fervor and faith of my perfect love;
While she listened and smiled in my face, and then
She whispered once more, “Do you truly love me?”

— *John Boyle O'Reilly.*

CUPID AND THE SHEPHERD.

(*Sestina.*)

One merry morn when all the earth was bright,
And flushed with dewy dawn's encrimsoning ray,
A shepherd youth, o'er whose fair face the light
Of rosy smiles was ever wont to stray,
Roamed through a level grassy mead, bedight
With springtime blossoms, fragrant, fresh, and gay.

But now, alas ! his mood was far from gay ;
And musing how the dark world would be bright
Could he but win his maiden's love, and stray
With her forever, basking in its light,
He saw afar, in morn's bright beaming ray,
A lissome boy with archer's arms bedight.

The boy shot arrows at a tree bedight
With red-winged songsters warbling sweet and gay
Amid the leaves and blossoms blooming bright.
He seemed an aimless, wandering waif astray,
And so the shepherd caught him, stealing light,
While from his eyes he flashed an angry ray.

The fair boy plead until a kindly ray
Shone o'er the shepherd's clouded brow bedight
With clustering locks, and he said, smiling gay,
" I prithee promise, by thy face so bright,
To ne'er again, where'er thou mayest stray,
Slay the sweet birds that make so glad the light."

While yet he spake, from out those eyes a light
Divine shot forth, before whose glowing ray
The shepherd quelled, it was so wondrous bright;
Then well he knew 'twas Cupid, coy and gay,
With all his arts and subtle wiles bedight,
And knelt in homage lest the boy should stray.

" Rise," said the god, " and ere thy footsteps stray,
Know that within her eyes, where beamed no light
Of love for thee, I will implant a ray.

She shall be thine with all her charms bedight."
The shepherd kissed Love's hand and bounded gay
To gain his bliss,— and all the world was bright.
When naught is bright to these that sadly stray,
Ofttimes a single ray of Eros' light
Will make the earth bedight with radiance gay.

— *Clinton Scollard.*

WHISPERS OF HEAVENLY DEATH.

A noiseless, patient spider
I marked, where on a little promontory it stood insolated;
Mark'd how to explore the vacant vast surrounding.
It launched forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself,
Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you, O my soul, where you stand,
Surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking, the
 spheres to connect them,
Till the bridge you will need be form'd, till the ductile
 anchor hold,
Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere,
 O my soul.

— *Walt Whitman.*

SUCCESS.

Success is counted sweetest
By those who ne'er succeed.
To comprehend a nectar
Requires sorest need.

Not one of all the purple host
Who took the flag to-day
Can tell the definition,
So clear of victory,

As he, defeated, dying,
On whose forbidden ear
The distant strains of triumph
Break, agonized and clear.

— *Emily Dickenson.*

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

When first I began, at twenty,
To indulge in idle rhyme,
Life was dolce far niente,
And a trifling thing was Time;
I could link the lines together,
Praising any girl I knew,
Not deliberating whether
They were true.

Twenty-one, — my heart was plastic
To the beauty of a face,
But my fancy, too elastic,
Frequently would jump its trace
After some new, dainty being,
Following where'er she went;
There was no such thing as fleeting
Sentiment.

Twenty-two, — I had a passion
For a girl with golden hair,
Somewhat of a slave to fashion,
But for books she didn't care;
So when "love" I tried to stammer,
Cupid went upon a crutch; —
She abused the English grammar
Overmuch.

Twenty-three, — my mind was restive,
Now brunette, anon a blond;
Each one seemed to me suggestive
Of a better one beyond;
So I waited on and dallied
With perhaps a half a score,
Till Time came around and tallied
Twenty-four.

Twenty-five, — no more a chicken !
I essayed to make a choice,
But the "plot began to thicken" —
Love in me had lost its voice.
Thus the girls all went the way of
Other girls, and — fiddle-sticks ! —
I'm a bachelor to-day of
Twenty-six !

— *Frank Dempster Sherman.*

AN IMPOSSIBLE GIRL.

Once on a time there lived a maid
Who never was of mice afraid,
A perfect game of whist she played,
 This maid entrancing.
Of gowns and styles she never talked,
Attempts to compliment she balked,
For exercise she only walked—
 She hated dancing.

She wore no loud, queer-colored gloves,
She never yet had been in love,
Her bureau held no picture of
 The latest actor;
And, furthermore, she never went
To matinees, nor ever spent
Her change for soda; roses sent
 Could not attract her.

Of slang she never used a word,
Of flirting she had never heard,
Society—it seemed absurd—
 She did not care for.
At gay resorts where men were not
She never seemed to care a jot,
Until the mothers wondered what
 The girl was there for.

No one will know from whence she came,
She left no record but her fame,
Not even can we learn her name

Or what her station.

When did she live? How did she die?

She lived in fancy. It's a lie.

I've only tried to practise my

Imagination.

— *James G. Burnett.*

TO DELLIUS.

In adverse hours an equal mind maintain,
Nor let your spirits rise too high
Though Fortune kindly change the scene;
Remember, Dellius, you were born to die.

Whether your life in sorrows pass,
And sadly, joyless glide away;
Whether, reclining on the grass,
You bless with choicer wine the festal day;

Whether the pale poplar and the pine
Expel the sun's intemperate beam,
In hospitable shade their branches twine,
And winds with toil, though swift, the tremulous stream,

Here pour your wines, your odors shed,
Bring forth the rose's short-lived flower,
While fate yet spins thy mortal thread,
While youth and fortune give th' indulgent hour.

Your purchased woods, your house of state,
Your villa washed by Tiber's wave,
You must, my Dellius, yield to fate,
And to your heir these high-piled treasures leave.

Whether you boast a monarch's birth,
While wealth unbounded round you flows,
Or poor, and sprung from vulgar earth,
No pity for his victim Pluto knows.

We all must tread the paths of fate,
And ever shakes the mortal urn,
Whose lot embarks us, soon or late,
On Charon's boat, ah ! never to return.
— *Horace* (Francis, Translator).

TO LICINIUS.

Receive, dear friend, the truths I teach;
So shalt thou live beyond the reach
 Of adverse Fortune's power :
Not always tempt the distant deep,
Nor always timorously creep
 Along the treacherous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
 The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
 Embittering all his state.

The tallest pine feels most the power
Of wintry blasts; the loftiest tower
 Comes heaviest to the ground;
The bolts that spare the mountain's side
His cloud-capt eminence divide,
 And spread the ruin around.

The well-informed philosopher
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
 And hopes, in spite of pain,
If winter bellow from the north,
Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,
 And Nature laughs again.

What if thine heaven be overcast?
The dark appearance will not last;
 Expect a brighter sky.
The god that strings the silver bow
Awakes sometime the Muses too,
 And lays his arrows by.

If hindrances obstruct thy ways,
Thy magnanimity display,
 And let thy strength be seen;
But oh! if Fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
 Take half thy canvas in!

— *Horace* (Translator, Cowper).

TO MAECENAS.

For thee, within my mansion, wait
A virgin cask of mellow wine,
Rose-buds and essence of the date
To scent thy hair, O Prince of Tuscan line !

Leave thy satiety of state,
Thy tower that touches on the clouds;
Nor muse on prosperous Rome, elate,
Her smoke, her pomp, the clamor of her crowds.

The rich have found these changes sweet;
And pure and homely meals that know
No tapestried walls, nor purple seat
Have smoothed to gayety the wrinkled brow.

The present, calm and wise, dispose;
The rest is carried spite of thee;
Even as a river level flows
In peaceful channel to the Tuscan sea;

But, chafed by floods, it saps the rocks,
And, headlong, from the crumbling shore
Roll shattered trees, and huts, and flocks;
The neighboring woods and mountains swell the roar.

He's master of himself who cries,
Rejoicing, "I have lived to-day!"
Let Jove o'ercloud to-morrow's skies,
Or clear expand them in the sunny ray;

But not Omnipotence has power
To make the backward blessing void;
New form the past and fleeted hour,
Or bid the joys that were be unenjoyed.

Fortune, whom busy mischiefs please,
Still wilful bent on taunting wiles,
Transfers her gifts from those to these,
To me, and to another, throws her smiles.

I praise her stay; but if she shake
Her wings, I bid her favors fly;
Wrapt in my virtues, refuge take,
And hug my honest, dowerless poverty.

— *Horace* (Elton, Translator).

A RHYME OF THE DREAM-MAKER MAN.

Down near the end of a wandering lane
That runs round the cares of the day,
Where conscience and memory meet and explain
Their quaint little quarrels away,
A misty air castle sits back in the dust,
Where brownies and hobgoblins dwell,
And this is the home
Of a busy old gnome
Who is making up dreams things to sell,
My dear,
The daintiest dreams to sell.

He makes golden dreams out of wicked men's sighs.
He weaves on the thread of a hope
The airiest fancies of pretty brown eyes,
And patterns his work with a trope.
The breath of a rose and the blush of a wish,
Boiled down to the ghost of a bliss,
He wraps in a smile
Every once in a while,
And calls it the dream of a kiss,
Dear heart,
The dream of an unborn kiss.

Last night when I walked through the portals of sleep
And came to the weird little den,
I looked in the place where the elf-man should keep
A dream that I buy now and then.
'Tis only the sweet happy dream of a day, —
Yet one that I wish may come true, —
But I learned from the elf
That you'd been there yourself,
And he'd given my dear dream to you,
Sweetheart,
He'd given our dream to you.

—*W. A. W.*

SOME TIME.

Last night, my darling, as you slept,
I thought I heard you sigh,
And to your little crib I crept,
And watched a space thereby;
And then I stooped and kissed your brow,
For, oh! I love you so —
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you shall know!

Some time when in a darkened place,
When others come to weep,
Your eyes shall look upon a face
Calm in eternal sleep.
The voiceless lips, the wrinkled brow,
The patient smile shall show —
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you may know!

Look backward, then, into the tears.
And see me here to-night,—
See, O my darling! how my tears
Are falling as I write,
And feel once more upon your brow
The kiss of long ago —
You are too young to know it now,
But some time you shall know.

— *Eugene Field.*

QUIEN SABE.

The breeze of the evening that cools the hot air,
That kisses the orange and shakes out thy hair,
Is its freshness less welcome, less sweet its perfume,
That we know not the region from which it is come?
Whence the wind blows, where the wind goes,
Hither and thither and whither — who knows?

Who knows?

Hither and thither — but whither — who knows?

The river forever glides singing along,
The rose on the bank bends down to its song;
And the flower, as it listens, unconsciously dips,
Till the rising wave glistens and kisses its lips;
But why the wave rises and kisses the rose,
And why the rose stoops for those kisses — who knows?

Who knows?

And away flows the river,— but whither — who knows?

Let me be the breeze, love, that wanders along,
The river that ever rejoices in song;
Be thou to my fancy the orange in bloom,
The rose by the river that gives its perfume.
Would the fruit be so golden, so fragrant the rose,
If no breeze and no wave were to kiss them?

Who knows?

If no wave and no breeze were to kiss them?

Who knows?

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND OF NOD.

Come, cuddle your head on my shoulder, dear,
Your head like the golden-rod,
And we will go sailing away from here
To the beautiful land of Nod.
Away from life's hurry and flurry and worry,
Away from earth's shadows and gloom,
To a world of fair weather, we'll float off together
Where roses are always in bloom.

Just shut up your eyes, and fold your hands,
Your hands like the leaves a rose,
And we will go sailing to those fair lands
That never an atlas shows.
On the North and the West they are bounded by rest,
On the South and the East by dreams;
'Tis the country ideal, where nothing is real,
But everything only seems.

Just drop down the curtains of your dear eyes,
Those eyes like a bright bluebell,
And we will sail out under star-lit skies,
To the land where fairies dwell.
Down the river of sleep our bark will sweep,
Till it reaches that mystical Isle
Which no man hath seen, but where all have been,
And there we shall pause awhile.
I will croon you a song as we float along,
To that shore that is blessed of God,
Then ho ! for that fair land ! We're off for that rare land,
That beautiful land of Nod.

— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

ALL THERE IS OF WORTH.

Maybe that death gives all there is
Of worth to life. If those we press
And strain within our arms could never die,
Perhaps that love would wither from the earth.
Maybe this common fate treads
From out the paths between our hearts
The weeds of selfishness and hate.
And I had rather live and love where death is king,
Than have eternal life where love is not.
Another life is naught,
Unless we know and love again
The ones who love us here.

— *Robert G. Ingersoll.*

RIDING DOWN.

Oh, did you see him riding down,
And riding down, while all the town
Came out to see, came out to see,
And all the bells rang mad with glee?

Oh, did you hear those bells ring out,
The bells ring out, the people shout,
And did you hear that cheer on cheer
That over all the bells rang clear?

And did you see the waving flags,
The fluttering flags, the tattered flags,
Red, white, and blue, shot through and through,
Baptized with battle's deadly dew?

And did you hear the drum's gay beat,
The drum's gay beat, the bugles sweet,
The cymbals clash, the cannon's crash,
That rent the air with sound and flash?

And did you see me waiting there,
Just waiting there and watching there, —
One little lass, amid the mass
That pressed to see the hero pass?

And did you see him smiling down,
And smiling down, as riding down
With slowest pace, with stately grace,
He caught the vision of a face, —

My face uplifted, red and white,
Turned red and white with sheer delight,
To meet the eyes, the smiling eyes,
Outflashing in their swift surprise?

Oh, did you see how swift it came,
How swift it came, like sudden flame,
That smile to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see?

And at the windows all along,
Oh, all along, a lovely throng
Of faces fair, beyond compare,
Beamed out upon him riding there!

Each face was like a radiant gem,
A sparkling gem; and yet for them
No swift smile came, like sudden flame.
No arrowy glance took certain aim.

He turned away from all their grace;
From all that grace of perfect face,
He turned to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see.

—*Nora Perry.*

BUT ONE.

The night has a thousand eyes,
The day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
The heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

— *Francis W. Bourdillon.*

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone;
But this brave old earth must borrow its mirth,
It has trouble enough of its own.

Sing, and the hills will answer,
Sigh, it is lost in the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you,
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure for all your pleasure,
But do not want your woe.

Be glad, and your friends are many,
Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded,
Fast, and the world goes by;
Succeed and give, and it helps you to live,
But no man can help you to die.

There's room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Thro' the narrow isles of pain.

— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

ON THE REGULATION OF THE MIND.

The deed begun
Is half accomplished; dare, then, to be wise;
Begin; the man who still postpones the hour
Of living well is like the clown, who waits
Till the whole river shall have flowed away :
The rolling river glides before his eyes,
And so shall glide, forever and forever.
Spurn guilty pleasures; pleasure is but pain
If bought with penitence. The covetous man
Is ever craving. Set a certain bound
To each unruly wish. The envious wretch
Grows lean by gazing on another's fatness.
No tyrant of Sicilia could invent
A torment worse than envy. He that knows not
To moderate sudden wrath shall wish undone
That which his will and his resentment urge,
And, with impatient violence, draw on,
His own sure punishment, and yet his hate
Be unrevenged. All anger of the mind
Is a short madness. Govern, then, the mind,
Which must obey or gain the mastery !
Bind it with curbs, and fetter it with chains.

'Tis thus the master of the manege forms
The docile colt, while yet his mouth is soft,
To turn the way the rider guides the rein;
And the staunch hound, since practised first to bay
The deer-skin in the court, with well-trained nose,
Hunts in the woods. Then, now, ingenuous boy!
Now lay the words of wisdom to thy breast
While yet thy breast is pure; now seek thy elders
Who can instruct thee; the new cask will long
Retain the flavor which it first imbibed.

— *Horace* (Elton, Translator).

TOUJOURS AMOUR.

Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin,
At what age does Love begin?
Your blue eyes have scarcely seen
Summers three, my fairy queen,
But a miracle of sweets,
Soft approaches, sly retreats,
Show the little archer there,
Hidden in your pretty hair;
When didst learn a heart to win?
Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin!

“Oh!” the rosy lips reply,
“I can’t tell you if I try.
’Tis so long I can’t remember;
Ask some younger lass than I.”

Tell, oh tell me, Grizzled Face,
Do your heart and head keep pace?
When does hoary Love expire?
When do frosts put out the fire?
Can its embers burn below
All that chill December snow?
Care you still soft hands to press,
Bonny heads to smooth and bless?
When does Love give up the chase?
Tell, oh tell me, Grizzled Face!

“ Ah ! ” the wise old lips reply,
“ Youth may pass and strength may die ;
But of Love I can't foretoken ;
Ask some older sage than I . ”

— *Edmund Clarence Stedman.*

THE LAUGH OF A CHILD.

The laugh of a child will make
The holiest day more sacred still.
Strike with hand of fire, O weird musician !
Thy harp, strung with Apollo's golden hair ;
Fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and
dim,
Deft toucher of the organ keys ;
Blow, bugler, blow, until the silver notes
Do touch and kiss the moonlit waves,
And charm the lovers wandering midst the vine-clad
hills :
But know your sweetest strains are discords all,
Compared with childhood's happy laugh —
The laugh that fills the eyes with light
And every heart with joy.
O rippling river of laughter !
Thou art the blessed boundary line between the beasts
and men,
And every wayward wave of thine
Doth drown some fretful fiend of care.
O Laughter ! rose-lipped daughter of Joy,
Make dimples enough in thy cheeks
To catch and hold and glorify
All the tears of grief.

— *Robert G. Ingersoll.*

A HEALTH.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burden'd bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns, —
The idol of past years !

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain;
But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry
And weariness a name.

— *E. C. Pinkney.*

OLD AND NEW.

Long have the poets vaunted in their lays
Old times, old loves, old friendships, and old wine.
Why should the old monopolize all praise?
Then let the new claim mine.

Give me strong new friends when the old prove weak,
And fail me in my darkest hour of need;
Why perish with the ship that springs a leak,
Or lean upon a reed?

Give me new love, — warm, palpitating, sweet, —
When all the grace and beauty leave the old;
When like a rose it withers at my feet,
Or, like a hearth, grows cold.

Give me new times, bright with prosperous cheer,
In place of old, tear-blotted, burdened days;
I hold a sunlit present far more dear
And worthy of my praise.

When the old creeds are threadbare and worn through,
Or all too narrow for the broadening soul,
Give me the fine, firm texture of the new,
Fair, beautiful, and whole.

A BALLADE OF EVOLUTION.

In the mud of the Cambrian main
Did our earliest ancestors dive;
From a shapeless albuminous grain
We mortals our being derive.
He could split himself up into five,
Or roll himself round like a ball;
For the fittest will always survive,
While the weakest go to the wall.

As an active ascidian again
Fresh forms he began to contrive,
Till he grew to a fish with a brain,
And brought forth a mammal alive.
With his rivals he next had to strive,
To woo him a mate and a thrall;
So the handsomest managed to wive,
While the ugliest went to the wall.

At length as an ape he was fain
The nuts of the forest to rive;
Till he took to a low-lying plain,
And proceeded his fellows to knive.
Thus did cannibal men first arrive,
One another to swallow and maul;
And the strongest continued to thrive
While the weakest went to the wall.

ENVOY.

Prince, in our civilized hive,
Now money's the measure of all ;
And the wealthy in coaches can drive
While the needier go to the wall.

— *Grant Allen.*

IT NEVER COMES AGAIN.

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts
And it never come again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And never comes again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again.

— *Richard Henry Stoddard.*

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses : Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lips, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin.
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes :
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love ! has she done this to thee ?
What shall, alas ! become of me ?

— *John Lyly.*

THE BACHELOR'S TOAST.

Many maidens fair I've known,
Girls with soft and potent eyes
That would melt a heart of stone,
Every maid a lovely prize.
I have worshipped at their feet,
Yielded to their charms; and yet
Is the best of them as sweet
As the girl I've never met?

They have witching little ways;
She enraptures when she smiles;
They enchant, amuse, amaze;
She enslaves me with her wiles.
That they're charming, I agree;
They are exquisite; and yet
None of them entices me
Like the girl I've never met.

She has all their winning grace,
All their wit and beauty rare,
Flashing eyes, a perfect face,
Low, sweet forehead, rippling hair.
Fancy makes her all my own;
I can see her now; and yet
Though full many maids I've known,
She's the girl I've never met.

Shall I meet her? Who can tell?

Life is short, the world is wide.

While I wait, I know it well,

She may be another's bride.

Fate has kept us two apart,

We may never meet; and yet,

Here's a toast: I pledge my heart

To the girl I've never met.

LITTLE LOVE OF LAST YEAR.

Here's a flower for your grave,
 Little love of last year;
Since I once was your slave,
Here's a flower for your grave;
Since I once used to rave
 In the praise of my dear,
Here's a flower for your grave,
 Little love of last year.

—*Justin Huntly McCarthy.*

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover,
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The Minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout
And noise and humming;
They've hushed the Minster bell;
The organ 'gins to swell;
She's coming, she's coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast.
She comes — she's here — she's past —
May heaven go with her!

Kneel, undisturbed, fair saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
 Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits who wait
And see through heaven's gate
 Angels within it.

— *William M. Thackeray.*

KATIE'S ANSWER.

Och ! me Katie's a rogue, it is thrue,
But her eyes, like the skies, are so blue,
 An' her dimples so swate,
 An' her ankles so nate —
Shure, she dazed an' she bothered me too.

Till one mornin' we wint fur a ride,
Whin demure as a bride, by me side,
 Like a darlint she sat,
 Wid the wickedest hat
'Neath a purty girl's chin iver tied.

An' me heart, arrah, thin, how it bate,
Fur me Kate looked so temptin' an' swate,
 Wid cheeks like the roses
 An' all the red posies
Ye 'ud see in her gardin so nate.

But I sat jist as mute as the dead,
Till she said, with a toss uv her head :
 “ If I'd known that to-day
 Ye'd have nothin' to say,
I'd have gone wid me cousin instade.”

Thin I fild mesilf grow very bowld,
Fur I knew she'd not scold if I towld
 Uv the love in me heart,
 That 'ud niver depart
Though I lived to be wrinkled an' owld.

An' I said, "If I dared to do so,
I'd lit go uv this baste, an' I'd throw
 Both me arms roun' yer waist,
 An' be stalin' a taste
Uv thim lips that are coaxin' me so."

Then she blushed a more illigant red,
As she said, without raisin' her head —
 An' her eyes lookin' down
 'Neath their lashes so brown —
'Ud yer like me to dhrive, Mister Ted?"

— *Miss C. H. Thayer.*

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG.

Ah, what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
 And sweeter, too;
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest loves to frown.
 Ah, then, ah, then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

His flocks are folded; he comes home at night
As merry as a king in his delight,
 And merrier, too;
For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds, careless, carol by the fire.
 Ah, then, ah, then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds, as doth the king his meat,
 And blither, too;
For kings have often fears when they do sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup.
 Ah, then, ah, then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

To bed he goes, as wanton, then, I ween,
As is a king in dalliance with a queen;
 More wanton, too,
For kings have many griefs affects to move,
Where shepherds have no greater grief than love.
 Ah, then, ah, then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth the king upon his bed of down;
 More sounder, too,
For cares cause kings full oft their cares to spill
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill,
 Ah, then, ah, then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

Thus, with his wife, he spends the year as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or sithe,
 And blither, too;
For kings have wars and broils to take in hand
Where shepherds laugh and love upon the land.
 Ah, then, ah, then,
 If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
 What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

— *Robert Greene.*

TWO VALENTINES.

Love, at your door young Cupid stands
And knocks for you to come;
The frost is in his feet and hands,
His lips with cold are numb.
Grant him admittance, sweetheart mine,
And by your cheering fire
His lips shall loosen as with wine,
And speak forth my desire.

He left me not an hour ago,
And when the rascal went
Barefooted out into the snow,
I asked him whither bent.
Quoth he: "To her whose face is like
A garden full of flowers,
To her whose smiles like sunlight strike
Across the winter hours."

No more he said, nor need of more
Had I to know. I knew
His path lay straight unto your door —
That face belongs to you.
"Godspeed," I cried, "and give her this
When you her face shall see; "
And on his lips I set a kiss,
A valentine from me!

— *Frank Dempster Sherman.*

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main, —
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer air its purple wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming
hair.

Its web of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped its growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed, —
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed.

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil:
Still as the spiral grew,
He left the past years' dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft steps its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in its last-found home, and knew the old no
more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn !
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn !
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
sings :

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll !
Leave thy low-vaulted past !
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

SUMMUM BONUM.

All the breath and the bloom of the year in the bag of
one bee :

All the wonder and wealth of the mine in the heart of
one gem :

In the core of one pearl all the shade and the shine of
the sea :

Breath and bloom, shade and shine, wonder, wealth,
and — how far above them —

Truth, that's brighter than gem,

Trust, that's purer than pearl —

Brightest truth, purest trust in the universe — all were
for me

In the kiss of one girl.

— *Robert Browning.*

THE HOW OF IT.

HE.

She gave me a rose at the ball to-night,
And I — I'm a fool, I suppose,
For my heart beat high with a vague delight.
Had she given me more than a rose?

I thought that she had for a little while,
Till I saw her — fairest of dancers —
Give another rose, with the same sweet smile,
To another man in the lancers.

Well, roses are plenty and smiles not rare.
It is really rather audacious
To grumble because my lady fair
Is to other men kind and gracious.

SHE.

I gave him a rose at the ball to-night,
A deep red rose with fragrance dim,
And the warm blood rushed to my cheeks with fright;
I could not, dare not, look at him;

For the depths of my soul he seemed to scan,
His earnest look I could not bear.
So I gave a rose to another man,
Any one else — I did not care.

MY RIVAL.

I go to concert, party, ball —
What profit is in these?
I sit alone against the wall
And strive to look at ease.
The incense that is mine by right
They burn before Her shrine;
And that's because I'm seventeen
And She is forty-nine.

I cannot check the girlish blush,
My color comes and goes;
I redden to my finger-tips,
And sometimes to my nose.
But She is white where white should be,
And red where red should shine.
The blush that flies at seventeen
Is fixed at forty-nine.

I wish I had Her constant cheek:
I wish that I could sing
All sorts of funny little songs,
Not quite the proper thing.
I'm very gauche and very shy,
Her jokes aren't in my line;
And, worst of all, I'm seventeen
While She is forty-nine.

The young men come, the young men go,
Each pink and white and neat.
She's older than their mothers, but
They grovel at Her feet.
They walk beside Her 'rickshaw wheels —
None ever walk by mine;
And that's because I'm seventeen
And She is forty-nine.

She rides with half a dozen men,
(She calls them "boys" and "mashers").
I trot along the Mall alone;
My prettiest frocks and sashes
Don't help to fill my programme card,
And vainly I repine
From ten to two A. M. Ah me!
Would I were forty-nine!

She calls me "darling," "pet," and "dear,"
And "sweet, retiring maid."
I'm always at the back, I know;
She puts me in the shade.
She introduces me to men,
"Cast" lovers I opine,
For sixty takes to seventeen
Nineteen to forty-nine.

But even She must older grow
And end Her dancing days.
She can't go on forever so
At concerts, balls, and plays.
One ray of priceless hope I see
Before my footsteps shine;
Just think, that She'll be eighty-one
When I'm forty-nine.

— *Rudyard Kipling.*

HE DANCED AT HER WEDDING.

I danced at her wedding last night,
And none could have guessed my emotion
As I saw her a bride — her on whom
I had lavished a lifetime's devotion.
I danced at her wedding. Why not?
Having lived through the scene at the altar,
When the knot was tied fast for all time,
Do you think that my courage would falter?

I danced with as lightsome a step,
With a face as unmoved as the next one.
He must be a fatuous fool
Who in crisis like this would expect one,
Though a tumult were raging within,
To betray to onlookers his passion.
I don't wear my heart on my sleeve;
That sort of thing isn't my fashion.

I danced — so did she. Though I swear
For a fact that I hardly know whether
I stood on my heels or my head
When we went wildly whirling together,
When her breath was as sweet on my cheek
As the blossoms of orange she carried.
We danced till folks said 'twas bad taste,
Since I was the fellow she married!

FIRST, SECOND, THIRD.

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write,
And ever since it grew more clean and white,
Slow to world-greetings, . . . quick with its "Oh list,"
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
Could not wear here plainer to my sight
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,
Half falling on the hair, oh, beyond meed!
That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown,
With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect purple state! since when, indeed,
I have been proud, and said, "My Love, my own."

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

FOR-GET-ME-NOT.

(MYOSOTIS.)

When to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a name,
Back came a little blue-eyed one
(All timidly it came) ;
And standing at its Father's feet
And gazing in His face,
It said, in low and trembling tones,
"Dear God, the name Thou gavest me,
Alas ! I have forgot."
Kindly the Father looked him down
And said, "Forget-me-not."

THE EYES SHE LIKES.

Which are the sweetest eyes to you?

The brown where fire and languor meet,
The sunny, laughing eyes of blue,
Or black, with glances shy and fleet?

Or opaline, with changeful hue,
Or gray, where mind with beauty vies,
Or violet, so soft and true —
Tell me, which are the sweetest eyes?

My darling bent her sunny head,
Her radiant face seemed half divine.
“The sweetest eyes to me,” I said,
“Are those that look with love in mine.”

— *M. A. Dennison.*

A PEARL—A GIRL.

A simple ring with a single stone,
To the vulgar eye no stone of price;
Whisper the right word, — that alone, —
Forth starts a sprite, like fire from ice,
And lo! you are lord (says the Eastern scroll)
Of heaven and earth, lord whole and sole,
Through the power in a pearl.

A woman ('tis I this time that say),
With little the world counts worthy praise;
Utter the true word, — out and away
Escapes her soul; I am wrapt in blaze.
Creation's lord, of heaven and earth
Lord whole and sole — by a minute's birth,
Through the love in a girl.

— *Robert Browning.*

LOVE.

Love is the only bow on life's dark cloud.
It is the morning and the evening star.
It shines upon the babe,
And sheds its radiance on the quiet tomb.
It is the mother of art,
Inspirer of poet, patriot, and philosopher.
It is the air and light of every heart —
Builder of every home,
Kindler of every fire on every hearth.
It was the first to dream of immortality.
It fills the world with melody —
For music is the voice of love.
Love is the magician, the enchanter,
That changes worthless things to joy,
And makes right royal kings and queens
Of common clay. It is the perfume
Of that wondrous flower, the heart;
And without that sacred passion,
That divine swoon, we are less than beasts;
But with it, earth is heaven, and we are gods.

— *Robert G. Ingersoll.*

CHERRY RIPE.

There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow;
 There cherries grow which none may buy,
 Till "cherries ripe!" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearls a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rosebuds filled with snow;
 Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy,
 Till "Cherry ripe!" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still,
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that attempt with eye or hand
 These sacred cherries to come nigh,
 Till "Cherries ripe!" themselves do cry.

— *Thomas Campion.*

IKE WALTON'S PRAYER.

I crave, dear Lord,
No boundless hoard
Of gold and gear,
Nor jewels fine,
Nor land, nor kine,
Nor treasure-heaps of anything, —
Let but a little hut be mine
Where at the hearthstone I may hear
The cricket sing,
And have the shine
Of one glad woman's eyes to make,
For my poor sake,
Our simple home a place divine; —
Just the wee cot — the cricket's chirr —
Love and the smiling face of her.

I pray not for
Great riches, nor
For vast estates and castle-halls, —
Give me to hear the bare footfalls
Of children o'er
An oaken floor
New-rinsed with sunshine, or bespread
With but a tiny coverlet
And pillow for the baby's head;
And, pray Thou, may
The door stand open and the day
Send ever in a gentle breeze
With fragrance of the locust-trees,
And drowsy moan of doves, and blur
Of robin-chirps, and drone of bees,
With afterhushes of the stir
Of intermingling sounds, and then
The good-wife and the smile of her
Filling the silence again,
The cricket's cal!,
And the wee cot,
Dear Lord of all,
Deny me not!

I pray not that
Men tremble at
 My power of place
 And lordly sway, —
I only pray for simple grace
To look my neighbor in the face
 Full honestly from day to day —
Yield me his horny palm to hold,
 And I'll not ask
 For gold; —
The tanned face, garlanded with mirth,
It hath the kingliest smile on earth, —
The swart brow, diamonded with sweat,
Hath never need of coronet.
 And so I reach,
 Dear Lord, to Thee,
 And do beseech
 Thou givest me
The wee cot, and the cricket's chirr,
Love, and the glad sweet face of her!

— *James Whitcomb Riley.*

KEYS.

Long ago in old Grenada, when the Moors were forced
to flee,
Each man locked his home behind him, taking in his
flight the key.

Hopefully they watched and waited for the time to come
when they
Should return from their long exile to those homes so far
away.

But the mansions in Grenada they had left in all their
prime
Vanished, as the years rolled onward, 'neath the crumb-
ling touch of time.

Like the Moors, we all have dwellings where we vainly
long to be,
And through all life's changing phases ever fast we hold
the key.

Our fair country lies behind us; we are exiles, too, in truth,
For no more shall we behold her. Our Grenada's name
is Youth.

We have our delusive day-dreams, and rejoice when, now
and then,
Some old heartstring stirs within us, and we feel our
youth again.

“ We are young ! ” we cry triumphant, thrilled with old-
time joy and glee.

Then the dream fades slowly, softly, leaving nothing but
the key !

— *Bessie Chandler.*

A REMINISCENCE.

'Twas April; 'twas Sunday; the day was fair, —
 Yes! sunny and fair,
 And how happy was I!
You wore the white dress you loved to wear;
And two little flowers were hid in your hair, —
 Yes! in your hair —
 On that day — gone by!

We sat on the moss; it was shady and dry, —
 Yes, shady and dry;
 And we sat in the shadow.
We looked at the leaves, we looked at the sky,
We looked at the brook which bubbled near by, —
 Yes, bubbled near by,
 Through the quiet meadow.

A bird sang on the swinging vine, —
 Yes, on the vine, —
 And then, — sang not;
I took your little white hand in mine;
'Twas April; 'twas Sunday; 'twas warm sunshine —
 Yes, warm sunshine.
 Have you forgot?
 — *Translation: James Freeman Clarke.*

FRIENDSHIP.

A ruddy drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs :
The world uncertain comes and goes,
The lover rooted stays —
I fancied he was fled,
And after many a year
Glowed unexhausted kindliness,
Like daily sunrise there.
My careful heart was free again.
O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red;
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth, —
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me too thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.

— *Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE WAY TO WIN.

If on the field of love you fall,
 With smiles conceal your pain;
Be not to Love too sure a thrall,
 But lightly wear his chain.
Don't kiss the hem of Beauty's gown,
 Or tremble at her tear,
And when caprices weigh you down,
 A word within your ear :
Another lass, another lass, —
 With laughing eyes and bright —
 Make love to her,
 And trust me, sir,
'Twill set your wrongs aright.

Whene'er a sweetheart proves unkind
 And greets you with a frown,
Or laughs your passion to the wind,
 The talk of all the town,
Plead not your cause on bended knee
 And murmured sighs prolong,
But gather from my minstrelsy
 The burden of my song :
Another lass, another lass, —
 There's always beauty by, —
 Make love to her,
 And trust me, sir,
'Twill clear the clouded sky.

— *Samuel Minturn Peck.*

ANTI-CLIMAX.

I walked a city street, and suddenly
I saw a tiny lad. The winter wind
Howled fitfully, and all the air above
The clear outline of the buildings tall
Seemed full of knives that cut against the face :
An awful night among the unhoused poor !
The boy was tattered ; both his hands were thrust
For show of warmth within his pocket holes,
Where pockets had not been for many a day.
One trouser leg was long enough to hide
The naked flesh ; but one, in mockery,
A world too short, tho' he was monstrous small,
Left bare and red his knee, — a cruel thing !
Then swelled my selfish heart with tenderness
And pity for the waif, — to think of one
So young, so seeming helpless, homeless, too,
Breasting the night, a-shiver with the cold !
Gaining a little, soon I passed him by,
My fingers reaching for a silver coin
To make him happier, if only for
An hour, when — I marvelled as I heard —
His mouth was puckered up in cheery wise,
And in the very teeth of fortune's frown
He whistled loud a scrap of some gay tune !
And I must know that all my ready tears
Fell on a mood more merry than mine own.

— *Richard E. Burton.*

BRAHMA.

I am the mote in the sunbeam, and I am the burning sun;
“ Rest here ! ” I whisper to the atom; I call to the orb
“ Roll on ! ”

I am the blush of the morning, and I am the evening
breeze;
I am the leaf's low murmur, the swell of the terrible seas.

I am the net, the fowler, the bird and its frightened cry,
The mirror, the form reflected, the sound and its echo
am I !

The lover's passionate pleading, the maiden's whispered
fear,
The warrior, the blade that smites him, his mother's
heart-wrung tear;

I am intoxicating grapes, wine press and must and wine,
The guest, the host, the traveller, the goblet of crystal
fine.

I am the breath of the flute, I am the mind of man,
Gold's glitter, the light of the diamond and the sea pearl's
lustre wan —

The rose, her poet nightingale, the songs from his throat
that rise;

The flint, the spark, the taper, the moth that above it
flies;

I am both good and evil, the deed and the deed's intent,
temptation, victim, sinner, crime, pardon, punishment;

I am what was, is, will be — creation's ascent and fall;
The link, the chain of existence — beginning and end
of all.

— *Translation from the Hindoo.*

TO CELIA.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine;
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

— *Ben Jonson.*

BABY'S BEDTIME SONG.

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry for Shadowtown;
It always sails at the end of day,
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so,
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I in the rocking chair.

See where the fire logs glow and spark,
Glitter the lights of Shadowland;
The pelting rains on the window, hark!
Are ripples lapping upon its strand;

There where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake with its shimmering cool and still;
Blossoms are waving above its brim,
Those over there on the window sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light,
Silently lower the anchor down;
Dear little passenger, say good-night,
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.

— *Frederick News.*

LOVE'S IMAGINING.

Dear love, I sometimes think how it would be
If thou shouldst love me; if, on such a day,
O day of wonder! thou shouldst come and say,
I love thee; or but let me guess thy plea —
If once thine eyes should brighten suddenly;
If once thy step should hasten or delay
Because of me; if once thy hand should stay
A needless instant in my own! Ah me!
From such imaginings I wake and start,
And dull and worthless life's endeavors seem
Before the tender beauty of my dream —
And then I whisper my impatient heart,
“Be still, be comforted, O heart of mine;
Thou art not all bereft; the dream is thine.”

— *Hopestill Goodwin.*

VIRTUE.

Virtue delights her home to keep —
 Say the wise of the olden time —
High on a rugged, rocky steep,
 Which man may hardly climb;
And there a pure, bright, shining band,
Her ministers around her stand.

No mortal man may ever look
 That form august to see,
Until with patient toil he brook
 The sweat of mental agony;
Which all must do who reach that goal,
The perfect manhood of the soul.
 — *Simonides* (Hay, Translator).

PALABRAS CARINOSAS.

SPANISH AIR.

Good night! I have to say good night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good night unto that fragile hand
All queenly with its weight of rings;
Good night to fond uplifted eyes,
Good night to chestnut braids of hair,
Good night unto the perfect mouth,
And all the sweetness nestled there —
The snowy hand detains me, then
I'll have to say good night again!

But there will come a time, my love,
When, if I read our stars aright,
I shall not linger by this porch
With my adieus. Till then, good night!
You wish the time were now? And I.
You do not blush to wish it so?
You would have blushed yourself to death
To own so much a year ago —

What, both these snowy hands! Ah, then,
I'll have to say good night again!

— *Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

A NARROW VALE.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold
And barren peaks of two eternities.
We strive in vain to look beyond the heights,
We cry aloud; the only answer
Is the echo of our wailing cry.
From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead
There comes no word; but in the night of death
Hope sees a star, and listening love can hear
The rustle of a wing.
These myths were born of hopes, and fears, and tears,
And smiles; they were touched and colored
By all there is of joy and grief between
The rosy dawn of birth and death's sad night;
They clothed even the stars with passion,
And gave to gods the faults and frailties
Of the sons of men. In them the winds
And waves were music, and all the lakes and
Streams, springs, mountains, woods, and perfumed dells
Were haunted by a thousand fairy forms.

— *Robert G. Ingersoll.*

THE HINDOO'S REPLY.

I think till I'm weary of thinking,
Said the sad-eyed Hindoo king,
And I see but shadows around me,
Illusion in everything.

How knowest thou aught of God,
Of His favor or His wrath?
Can the little fish tell what the lion thinks,
Or map out the eagle's path?

Can the Finite the Infinite search?
Did the blind discover the stars?
Is the thought that I think a thought,
Or a throb of a brain in its bars?

For aught that my eyes can discern,
Your God is what you think good —
Yourself flashed back from the glass
When the light pours on it in flood.

You preach to me to be just,
And this is His realm, you say;
And the good are dying with hunger,
And the bad gorge every day.

You say that He loveth mercy,
And the famine is not yet gone;
That He hateth the shedder of blood,
And He slayeth us every one.

You say that my soul shall live,
That the spirit can never die;
If He was content when I was not,
Why not when I have passed by?

You say I must have a meaning:
So must dung, and its meaning is flowers;
What if our souls are but the nurture
For lives that are greater than ours?

When the fish swims out of the water,
When the birds soar out of the blue,
Man's thoughts may transcend man's knowledge,
And your God be no reflex of you!

HOW NATURE COMFORTED THE POET.

Nature, I come to thee for rest,
For covert cool from thought and strife;
Oh, rock me on thine ample breast,
For I have loved thee all my life.

Then Nature hushed me in her arms,
And softly she began to sing
A legend of her woodland charms,
A lullaby — a soothing thing.

She sang: “ My beech leaves fluttering down
Beneath these blue September skies
Are darkly soft, are softly brown,
But not so brown as some one’s eyes ! ”

She sang: “ This brook that ripples clear
Where bending willow boughs rejoice,
Is very sweet, but not so dear
And not so sweet as some one’s voice ! ”

And thus she sang till evening dews,
And when at last she sang no more,
I said: “ If this be all your news
I knew it all too well before.”

— *Elizabeth G. Roberts.*

"LE DERNIER JOUR D'UN CONDAMNÉ."

Old coat, for some three or four seasons
 We've been jolly comrades, but now
We part, old companion, forever;
 To fate and the fashion I bow.
You'd look well enough at a dinner,
 I'd wear you with pride at a ball;
But I'm dressing to-night for a wedding —
 My own — and you won't do at all.

You've too many wine stains about you,
 You're scented too much with cigars;
When the gas-light shines full on your collar,
 It glitters with myriad stars
That wouldn't look well at my wedding;
 They'd seem inappropriate there —
Nell doesn't use diamond powder,
 She tells me it ruins the hair.

You've been out on Cozzen's piazza
 Too late, when the evenings were damp,
When moonbeams were silvering Cro'nost,
 And the lights were all out in the camp.
You've rested on highly oiled stairways
 Too often, when sweet eyes were bright,
And somebody's ball dress — not Nellie's —
 Flowed round you in rivers of white.

There's a reprobate looseness about you;
Should I wear you to-night, I believe
As I come with my bride to the altar,
You'd laugh in your wicked old sleeve,
When you felt there the tremulous pressure
Of her hand, in its delicate glove,
That is telling me shyly, but proudly,
Her trust is as deep as her love.

So, go to your grave in the wardrobe,
And furnish a feast for the moth.
Nell's glove shall betray its sweet secrets
To younger, more innocent cloth.
'Tis time to put on your successor —
It's made in a fashion that's new;
Old coat, I'm afraid it will never
Sit as easily on me as on you.

— *George A. Baker, Jr.*

CONSTANCY.

“You gave me the key to your heart, my love;

Then why do you make me knock?”

“O, that was yesterday, saints above!

And last night — I changed the lock.”

— *John Boyle O'Reilly.*

ALBUM VERSES.

When Eve had led her lord away,
And Cain had killed his brother,
The stars and flowers, the poets say,
Agreed with one another

To cheat the cunning tempter's art,
And teach the race its duty,
By keeping on its wicked heart
Their eyes of light and beauty.

A million sleepless lids, they say,
Will be at least a warning;
And so the flowers would watch by day,
The stars from eve to morning.

On hill and prairie, field and lawn,
Their dewy eyes upturning,
The flowers still watch from reddening dawn
Till western skies are burning.

Alas! each hour of daylight tells
A tale of shame so crushing,
That some turn white as sea-bleached shells,
And some are always blushing;

But when the patient stars look down
On all their light discovers, —
The traitor's smile, the murder's frown,
The lips of lying lovers, —

They try to shut their saddening eyes,
And in the vain endeavor
We see them twinkling in the skies;
And so they wink forever.

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

WHEN LISA SINGS—A PASTORAL.

When Lisa sings, the love birds cease their song;
With greedy joy they drink in every note,
And nearer to her bower they gladly throng,
To learn the sweetness of her magic throat!
Such harmony from heaven she must have stolen,
For angels listen as her thrillings skyward float.

When Lisa sings, the zephyrs, 'raptured, sigh;
The roses blush with conscious happiness;
The echoes pause, not daring to reply;
The brook stands still her witchery to confess;
And all the world is hushed as her soft warblings rise,
Forgetting life is life, the singer's soul to bless.

When Lisa sings! unto my ravished ear
Each luscious note unfolds love's golden tale;
With thrilling pulse, made bold by mine own fear,
I breathe the love no longer I can veil;
And melody unpent, of sweetest heart-joy born,
Swells in each throbbing breast as dreamland way we
sail.

— *S. J. Adair Fitz Gerald.*

WHAT THE VIOLINS SAID.

(“We’re all for love,” the violins said. — *Sidney Lanier*.)

Do I love you? Do I love you?
Ask the heavens that bend above you,
To find language and to prove you
If they love the living sun.

Ask the burning, blinding meadows
If they love the falling shadows —
If they hold the happy shadows
When the fervid day is done.

Ask the bluebells and the daisies,
Lost amid the hot field mazes,
Lifting up their thirsty faces,
If they love the summer rains.

Ask the linnets and the plovers,
In the nest-life made for lovers —
Ask the bees and ask the clovers —
Will they tell you for your pains?

Do I, darling, do I love you?
What, I pray, can then behoove you?
How in Love’s name can I move you,
When for Love’s sake I am dumb?

If I told you, if I told you,
Would that keep you, would that hold you,
Here at last when I enfold you?
If it would — hush, darling, come!

— *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps*.

STARLIGHT.

“Look up,” she said, and all the heavens blazed
With countless myriads of quiet stars,
Whereon a moment silently he gazed,
And drank that peace no trouble ever mars.
Then looking down into her face upturned,
Two other stars that did outshine the rest
Upward to him with such soft splendor yearned
That all her secret was at once confessed.
Then he with kisses did put out their light,
And said: “Oh, strange, but more dear, love, to me
Are thy pure eyes than all the stars of night
That shine in heaven everlastingly !
Night still is night, with every star aglow ;
But light were night didst thou not love me so.”

— *John W. Chadwick.*

VOICES.

A man died yesternight. To-day the town
Makes mention of his taking off, and sums
His virtues and his failings. On the street,
'Midst many barterings and lures of trade,
In homes where he was known, in busy marts,
Or public places where the common weal
Gathers the town folk, up and down his name
Is spoke of in as various ways of speech
As are the voices various sounding it :
Gruff-throated bass, shrill treble of old age,
Soft sibilancy of a woman's tongue,
Or reed-like utterance of a little child.
Thus one, his mate in business : " Ah ! a shrewd
Dry head was that ; much loss to us, much loss ;
And as for heart " — wise shrug of shoulders now —
" Well, 'tis but little quoted here on 'change."
Another, who had summered with him once
In leisure time : " A right good fellow gone !
'Tis true he liked his ease ; but who does not ?
For me, give me the man that Horace loved,
Who deemed it wise to fool when seasonable."
A tiny one who oft had found great store
Of sweatmeats in his hand, and, prized far less,
Great store of tenderness within his heart :
" Oh, won't he come to see us any more ? "
His surpliced pastor, bound to save his soul,
Balanced a bit by inconsistencies
He thought he saw, in private to his wife :

“Alas, poor soul! if only he had grasped
That matter of the creed and made us sure;
But then his heart was right, and God is good.”
And one, a woman, who had found his arms
An all-protecting shelter through long years,
Said naught, but kissed the tokens he had left,
And dreamt of heaven for his sake alone.
Meanwhile, What was this man, and what his place?
You ask, confused by all this babel talk
Of here and yonder, from his fellow-men.
I am as ignorant as any one
Whose speech you heard, and yet I loved him well.
Nay, ask me not, ask only God. He knows.

—*Richard E. Burton.*

*HAVE YOU GOT A BROOK IN YOUR
LITTLE HEART?*

Have you got a brook in your little heart,
Where bashful flowers blow,
And blushing birds go down to drink
And shadows tremble so?

And nobody knows, so still it flows,
That any brook is there;
And yet your little draught of life
Is daily drunken there.

Then look out for the little brook in March,
When the rivers overflow,
And the snows come hurrying from the hills,
And the bridges often go.

And later, in August it may be,
When the meadows parching lie,
Beware, lest this little brook of life
Some burning noon go dry.

— *Emily Dickenson.*

AN APRIL ANSWER.

I asked her for her photograph;
She answered with a lightsome laugh,
"I'll send you one on Friday week."
Emboldened by her gracious mien
(For I am young and somewhat green),
My ardor spurred me on to speak.

But gracious (?) means I find are used
To leave a lover quite confused.
She smiled and whispered, "Can't you guess?
My picture shall my answer give."
To-day she sent her negative,
Marked "April First." Does that mean "yes"?

— *Anna M. Pratt.*

MOODS.

Upon a mountain summit high,
A trysting-place of earth and sky,
Three friends once stood in silent awe,
Each contemplating what he saw.

One gazing on the landscape found
In changing features only sound;
To him it was a memory
Of some majestic symphony.

Another, in the vastness caught
The essence of a poet's thought —
The measure of a noble rhyme
Enduring as eternal time.

The third — a stranger to those arts
That moved and thrilled his fellows' hearts —
Remembered with a nameless dread
The face of one whom he saw dead.

— *Frank Dempster Sherman.*

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

I would wish to write in your album
A thought so wonderously sweet,
That whenever in future you read it,
Your heart would more joyously beat.

But the thought that I seek is elusive;
I have heard it sometimes in a dream;
I have caught it almost in a tone of your voice;
I have seen it deep down in a stream.

Perhaps no words will ever express it,
Our language too crude and formal may be;
But if ever you feel it and know it,
You'll remember and think then of me.

— *E. L. Sheldon.*

ORSAMES' SONG.

(From " Aglaura.")

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?

Prithee, why so pale?

Will, when looking well can't win her,

Looking ill prevail?

Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?

Prithee, why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,

Saying nothing do't?

Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit, for shame ! this will not move ;

This cannot take her.

If of herself she will not love,

Nothing can make her :

The devil take her !

— *Sir John Suckling.*

BEFORE THE GATE.

They gave the whole long day to idle laughter,
To fitful song and jest,
To moods of soberness as idle, after,
And silences as idle, too, as the rest.

But when at last, upon their way returning,
Taciturn, late, and loath,
Through the broad meadow in the sunset burning,
They reached the gate, one fine spell hindered them
both.

Her heart was troubled with a subtle anguish
Such as but women know
That wait, and lest love speak or speak not languish,
And what they would, would rather they would not so.

Till he said, — manlike, nothing comprehending
Of all the wonderous guile
That women won themselves with, and bending
Eyes of relentless asking on her the while, —

“ Ah, if beyond this gate the path united
Our steps as far as death,
And I might open it ! ” His voice, affrighted
At its own daring, faltered under his breath.

Then she — whom both his faith and fear enchanted
Far beyond words to tell,
Feeling her finest woman's wit had wanted
The art he had that knew to blunder so well —

Shyly drew near a little step, and mocking,
“ Shall we not be too late
For tea ? ” she said. “ I'm quite worn out with walking.
Yes, thanks, your arm. And will you — open the
gate ? ”

— *William D. Howells.*

THE PRIME OF LIFE.

Just as I thought I was growing old,
Ready to sit in my easy chair,
To watch the world with a heart grown cold,
And smile at folly I could not share,

Rose came by with a smile for me,
And I am thinking that forty year
Isn't the age that it seems to be,
When two pretty brown eyes are near.

Bless me ! of life it is just the prime,
A fact that I hope she will understand ;
And forty year is a perfect rhyme
To dark brown eyes and a pretty hand.

These gray hairs are by chance, you see —
Boys are sometimes gray, I am told ;
Rose came by with a smile for me,
Just as I thought I was getting old.

— *Walter Learned.*

TIT FOR TAT.

“Lost or stolen, or wandered away,
 A heart that was light as a feather,
Buoyant and free, and bright as the day,
 No matter what kind was the weather.
Hello, little maid, I won't be rash —
 If you are a thief you don't look it;
But as my heart went off like a flash,
 I — sort of — imagined you took it.

“Now I hate to believe that a face
 The angels might covet for beauty
Would be linked with so deep a disgrace,
 And yet, to believe is my duty.
Fact is, my heart went just as you came;
 A moment before it was sleeping.
Own up at once your part in this game —
 I'm certain the thing's in your keeping.

“You won't give it back? well, now, that's cool;
 Some folks would make quite a case of it;
But tit for tat's a very good rule,
 And I'll just take your's in place of it.”
He did, and the end's not hard to tell —
 'Twas an easy way out of the bother.
They tramp through life now, happy and well,
 While each keeps the heart of the other.

— *William Lyle.*

"THOU DIDST NOT SAY ME NAY."

I pressed thy hand at parting, thou didst not say me nay;
A smile so soft on dimpled cheek and roguish lip
'gan play,

I dared to kiss that tempting cheek,
I dared those honeyed lips to seek;
E'en now I scarce believe it true — thou didst not say
me nay.

I asked might I return, love? — thou didst not say
me nay;

And now I have no rest by night, nor have I peace by day.

And still I fear to come again,

And half misdoubt my wonderous gain;

And half misdoubt that I have dreamed thou didst not
say me nay.

— *Jennie W. Netter.*

A GEM OF THE HEART.

Joy met Sorrow in a place
Where the branches interlace,
Very secret, still, and sweet,
Safe from all profaning feet.
“Why art here?” Joy, startled, cried;
“Why art here?” gray Sorrow sighed.

“I came here to weep,” said Joy.
“Tears are ever my employ,”
Murmured Sorrow, “yet I see
Tears as grateful were to thee.
Come, young novice, and be taught
How to ease thy heart o’er-fraught.”

Joy sat down at Sorrow’s feet,
And was taught a lesson sweet.
Fain would he make kind return:
“Sorrow, art too old to learn?
Nay? Then tarry yet a while,
Till I have taught thee how to smile.”

Since that hour they both have been
Bound as by mysterious kin;
Since that hour they so exchange
Tears and smiles, ’tis nothing strange
If sometimes a puzzled heart
Can scarcely tell the twain apart.

— *Edith M. Thomas.*

LINES ON A SKELETON.

Behold this ruin ! 'Twas once a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot,
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void,—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But thought the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If Falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,—
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When Time unveils Eternity !

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear a gem
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of Truth them sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer mead shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth and Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the Bowers of East they fled,
To seek Affliction's humble shed;
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned, —
These feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky!

ON A SLEEPING CUPID.

I pierced the grove, and in its deepest gloom
Beheld sweet Love, of heavenly form and bloom;
Nor bow nor quiver at his back were strung,
But harmless on the neighboring branches hung.
On rosebuds pillowed lay the little child,
In glowing slumbers pleased, and sleeping smiled,
While all around the bees delighted sip
The breathing fragrance of his balmy lip.

— *Plato* (Bland, Translator).

IDLE TEARS.

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean.
Tears from the depths of some divine despair
Rise in the heart and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beams glittering on a sail
That brings our friends up from the under-world,
Sad as the last that reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge !
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O death in life, the days that are no more.

— *Alfred Tennyson.*

LOVE'S POWER.

Yes, hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed;
For if of our affections none find grace
In sight of heaven, then, wherefore hath God made
The world which we inhabit? Better plea
Love cannot have than that, in loving thee,
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid,
Who such divinity to thee imparts
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour;
But in chaste hearts uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,
That breathes on earth the air of paradise.

— *Michael Ange'lo Buonarotti.*

THE DIVISION OF THE EARTH.

Here, take the world !" cried Jove, from his high heaven,
To mortals. "Take it, it is yours, ye elves;
'Tis yours, for an eternal heirdom given;
Share it like brothers 'mongst yourselves."

Then hastened every one himself to suit,
And busily were stirring old and young.
The Farmer seized upon the harvest fruit;
The Squire's horn through the woodland rung;

The Merchant grasped his costly warehouse loads;
The Abbot chose him noble pipes of wine;
The King closed up the bridges and the roads,
And said: "The tenth of all is mine."

Quite late, long after all had been divided,
The Poet came, from distant wandering:
Alas, the thing was everywhere decided, —
Proprietors for everything !

Ah, woe is me ! shall I alone of all
Forgotten be ? — I, thy most faithful son ? "

A loud lament he thus began to bawl,
And threw himself before Jove's throne.

“ If in the land of dreams thou hast delayed,”

Replied the god, “ then quarrel not with me.
Where wast thou when division here was made ? ”

“ I was,” the Poet said, “ with thee.

“ Mine eyes hung on thy countenance so bright,

Mine ear drank in thy heaven’s harmony.

Forgive the soul, which, drunken with thy light,

Forgot that earth had aught for me.”

“ What shall I do ? ” said Jeus : “ the world’s all given ;

The harvest, chase, or market, no more mine.

If thou wilt come and live with me in heaven,

As often as thou com’st, my home is thine.”

— *Schiller.*

IN MEMORIAM.

Farewell ! Since never more for thee
The sun comes up our Eastern skies,
Less bright henceforth shall sunshine be
To some fond hearts and waiting eyes.

There are, who for thy last long sleep,
Shall sleep as sweetly nevermore :
Shall weep because thou can'st not weep,
And grieve that all thy griefs are o'er.

Sad thrift of love ! The loving breast,
On which the aching head was thrown,
Gave up the weary head to rest,
But kept the aching for its own.

— *E. L. Sheldon.*

A VAIN QUEST.

We started one morn, my love and I,
On a journey brave and bold;
'Twas to find the end of the rainbow,
And the buried bag of gold.
But the clouds rolled by from the summer sky,
And the radiant bow grew dim;
And we lost the way where the treasure lay,
Near the sunset's golden rim.

The twilight fell like a curtain
Pinned with the evening star,
And we saw in the shining heavens
The new moon's golden car.
And we said, as our hands clasped fondly,
"What though we found no gold?
Our love is a richer treasure
Than the rainbow's sack can hold."

And years, with their joys and sorrows,
Have passed since we lost the way
To the beautiful buried treasure
At the end of the rainbow's ray;
But love has been true and tender,
And life has been rich and sweet;
And we still clasp hands with the olden joy
That made our day complete.

— *D. M. Jordan, Century.*

THE PHILOSOPHER TO HIS LOVE.

Dearest, a look is but a ray
Reflected in a certain way;
A word, whatever tone it wear,
Is but a trembling wave of air;
A touch obedient to a clause
In nature's pure material laws.

The very flowers that bend and meet,
In sweetening others grow more sweet;
The clouds by day, the stars by night,
Inweave their floating locks of light;
The rainbow, Heaven's own forehead's braid,
Is but the embrace of sun and shade.

How few that love us have we found!
How wide the world that girds them round!
Like mountain streams we meet and part,
Each living in the other's heart,
Our course unknown, our hope to be
Yet mingled in the distant sea.

But ocean coils and heaves in vain,
Bound in the subtle moonbeam's chain;
And love and hope do but obey
Some cold, capricious planet's ray,
Which lights and leads the tide it charms
To death's dark caves and icy arms.

Aals ! one narrow line is drawn,
That links our sunset with our dawn ;
In mist and shade life's morning rose,
And clouds are round it at its close ;
But ah ! no twilight beam ascends
To whisper where the evening ends.

Oh ! in the hour when I shall feel
Those shadows round my senses steal,
When gentle eyes are weeping o'er
The clay that feels their tears no more,
Then let thy spirit with me be,
Or some sweet angel, likest thee.

— *Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

NEW EVERY MORNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning

Every morning is the world made new.

You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,

Here is a beautiful hope for you —

A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,

The tasks are done and the tears are shed ;

Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover ;

Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled.

Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,

Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,

With glad days and sad days and bad days which never

Shall visit us more with their bloom and their
blight,

Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go since we cannot revive them,

Cannot undo and cannot atone.

God in his mercy receive, forgive them.

Only the new days are our own ;

To-day is ours and to-day alone.

— *Susan Coolidge.*

UNLESS.

Unless you can think, when the song is done,
 No other is sweet in the rhyme;
Unless you can feel, when left by one,
 That all men else go with him;
Unless you know, when upraised by his breath,
 That your beauty itself wants proving;
Unless you can swear — “For life, for death” —
 Oh, fear to call it loving!

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day,
 On the absent face that fixed you;
Unless you can love as the angels may,
 With the breadth of heaven betwixt you;
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,
 Through behooving and unbehooving;
Unless you can die when the dream is past —
 Oh, never call it loving!

— *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

A LEGEND.

A lovely woman in an eastern land
Once swayed a kingdom with her slender hand.
Her burden heavy grew and weighed her down;
Upon her brow there pressed a jewelled crown.

Too cumbersome for its tender resting-place,
The golden weight adorned a weary face.
She cried: "I have grown tired of my power,
It seems more unbearable each hour.

"Let some one come that I may crown him king;
Within his hand he must a guerdon bring
That shall by far my boundless wealth exceed,
So, having it, I'll feel no other need."

Her wish was known, and lo! from far and near
There thronged around her poet, prince, and peer,
With offerings of dazzling beauty wrought
In wonderous shapes and with deep meanings fraught.

They laid their gifts down humbly at her feet.
She sighed: "Alas! I find them incomplete.
Within these sparkling stones no solace lies.
I dream of wealth revealed in human eyes."

Morn after morn a suppliant went away,
Until there came unto her throne one day
A man with empty hands, yet noble face,
And form of matchless mould and peerless grace.

The queen looked up and asked, "What gift hast thou
To tender for the crown upon my brow?"
He gazed within her eyes and naught replied.
She crowned him, saying, "I am satisfied."

— *New Orleans Picayune.*

DAFFODILS.

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretched in never ending line
Along the margin of the bay;
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee.
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company.
I gazed — and gazed — but little thought
What wealth to me the show had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

— *William Wordsworth.*

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman, too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright nor good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death ;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

— *William Wordsworth.*

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

We will be what we could be. Do not say,
 "It might have been, had not or that or this."
No fate can keep us from the chosen way;
 He only might who is.

We will do what we could do. Do not dream
 Chance leaves a hero, all uncrowned, to grieve.
I hold all men are greatly what they seem;
 He does who could achieve.

We will climb where we could climb. Tell me not
 Of adverse storms that kept thee from the height.
What eagle ever missed the peak he sought?
 He always climbs who might.

I do not like the phrase, "It might have been!"
 It lacks all force, and life's best truths perverts;
For I believe we have, and reach, and win,
 Whatever our deserts.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

EARLY RISING.

“God bless the man who first invented sleep !”

So Sancho Panza said, and so say I;
And bless him, also, that he didn't keep

His great discovery to himself, nor try
To make it, as the lucky fellow might,
A close monopoly by patent right !

Yes, bless the man who first invented sleep

(I really can't avoid the iteration);

But blast the man, with curses loud and deep,

Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station,
Who first invented, and went around advising,
That artificial cut-off, early rising !

The time for honest folks to be abed

Is in the morning, if I reason right;

And he who cannot keep his precious head

Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery, or else — he drinks !

Thomson, who sung about the “Seasons,” said

It was a glorious thing to rise in season;

But then he said it — lying — in his bed,

At ten o'clock A. M. — the very reason
He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake,—
Awake to duty, and awake to truth,—
But when, alas! a nice review we take
Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
Are those we pass in childhood or asleep.

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile,
For the soft visions of the gentle night;
And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
To live as only in the angels' sight,
In sleep's sweet realm so cosily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only dream of sin.

—*John Godfrey Saxe.*

ANN HATHAWAY.

Would ye be taught, ye feathered throng,
With love's sweet note to grace your song,
To pierce the heart with thrilling lay?
Listen to mine Ann Hathaway.
She hath a way to sing so clear,
Phœbus might, wondering, stop to hear.
To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
And nature charm, Ann hath a way.

She hath a way,
Ann Hathaway;
To breath delight, Ann hath a way.

When envy's breath and rancorous tooth
Do soil and bite fair worth and truth,
And merit to distress betray,
To soothe the heart, Ann hath a way.
She hath a way to chase despair,
To heal all griefs, to cure all care,
Turn foulest night to fairest day;
Thou knowest, fond heart, Ann hath a way.

She hath a way,
Ann Hathaway;
To make grief bliss, Ann hath a way.

Talk not of gems, the orient list,
The diamond, topaz, amethyst,
The emerald mild, the ruby gay;
Talk of my gem, Ann Hathaway.
She hath a way, with her bright eye,
Their various lustre to defy, —
The jewels she and the foil they,
So sweet to look, Ann hath a way.

She hath a way,
Ann Hathaway;
To shame bright gems, Ann hath a way.

But were it to my fancy given
To rate her charms, I'd call them heaven;
For though a mortal made of clay,
Angels must love Ann Hathaway.
She hath a way so to control,
To rapture the imprisoned soul,
And sweetest heaven on earth display,
That to be heaven Ann hath a way.

She hath a way,
Ann Hathaway;
To be heaven's self, Ann hath a way.

— *William Shakespeare* (?).

LOVE'S COMING.

He had looked for his coming as warriors come,
With the clash of arms and the bugle's call;
But he came instead with stealthy tread,
Which she did not hear at all.

He had thought how his armor would blaze in the sun.
As he rode like a prince to claim his bride :
In the sweet dim light of the falling night
She found him at her side.

He had dreamed how the gaze of his strange, bold
Eyes
Would wake her heart to a sudden glow :
He found in his face the familiar grace
Of a friend she used to know.

He had dreamed how his coming would stir her soul,
As the ocean is stirred by the wild storm's strife :
He brought her the balm of a heavenly calm,
And a peace which crowned her life.

— *Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

THE TABLES TURNED.

Up! up! my friend, and quit your books;
Or surely you'll grow double.
Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening luster mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife:
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless —
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings ;
Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things :
We murder to dissect.

Enough of science and of art ;
Close up these barren leaves ;
Come forth and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

— *William Wordsworth.*

TRUE LOVE.

No, no, fair heretic ! it needs must be
But an ill love in me,
And worse for thee ;
For were it in my power
To love thee now this hour
More than I did the last,
'Twould then so fall
I might not love at all !
Love that can flow and can admit increase,
Admits as well an ebb, and may grow less.

True love is still the same ; the torrid zones
And those more frigid ones
It must not know ;
For love grown cold or hot
Is lust, or friendship, not
The thing we have.
For that's a flame would die
Held down or up too high,
Then think I love more than I can express,
And would love more, could I but love thee less.

— *Sir John Suckling.*

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

I am going to move to the land of dreams
As soon as ever I may!

This sneaking over by night, meseems —
And leaving at peep o' day,
Is one of our silliest human schemes —
So now I am going to stay!

Why waken at all to my exile long,
To faces unloved and cold,
Where never my lips can fit to a song,
Where ever my heart grows old,
When it's just as easy — and can't be wrong —
To live in that Land of Gold?

I was there last night for an hour or two —
The sweetest I ever passed,
I sat in the garden again with you,
And my breath came thick and fast,
When you whispered, blushing, that now you knew
The meaning of love at last.

But then the sun, like a meddlesome clown,
Climbed grinning above the sky;
My castle in Dreamland came tumbling down,
And tumbling down came I —
Just as I bent for a kiss to crown
My longing, with none to spy.

And that is why I am bound to go
 And rent me a dream house there ;
For there you'll be waiting for me, I know,
 As blushing and fond and fair ;
And we'll live and love in the Dreamland glow,
 The width of the world from care !

— *C. F. Lummis.*

LOVE UNEXPRESSED.

The sweetest note among the human heartstrings
Are dull with rust ;

The sweetest chords, adjusted by the angels,
Are clogged with dust.

We pipe and pipe again for dreary music
Upon the self-same strains,
While sounds of crime and fear and desolation
Come back again in sad refrains.

Or through the world we go, an army marching,
With listening ears,

Each longing, sighing for the heavenly music
He never hears ;

Each longing, sighing for a word of comfort,
A word of tender praise,

A word of love to cheer the endless journey
Of earth's hard busy days.

They love us, and we know it; this suffices
For reason's share.

Why should they pause to give that love expression
With gentle care ?

Why should they pause? But still our hearts are aching
With all the gnawing pain,

With hungry love that longs to hear the music,
And longs and longs in vain.

We love them and we know it; if we falter,
 With fingers dumb,
Among the unused strings of love's expression,
 The notes are dumb.
We shrink within ourselves with voiceless sorrow,
 Leaving the words unsaid,
And, side by side, with those we love the dearest,
 In silence on we tread.

Thus on we tread, and thus each in silence
 Its fate fulfils,
Waiting and hoping for the heavenly music
 Beyond the distant hills.
The only difference of the love in heaven
 From love on earth below,
Is: Here we love and know not how to tell it,
 And there we all shall know.

— *Constance F. Woolson.*

LOVE'S FAITH.

If one should come and tell me that the birds
Had lost their voices ; that the flowers no more
Gave forth sweet odors ; that for lack of dew
The grass blades drooped at dawn time ; that the shells
Had left the ocean's shore, the pearls its bed ;
That frost and fruitage had congenial grown ;
That the lost sister of the Pleiades
Had reappear'd in Taurus ; that the sun
Had wheeled its golden chariot to the north ; —
If one should come and tell me this, dear love,
I might believe him. But if one should come
And tell me you were false, why I should stand,
With folded arms, and dart through him a glance
So keenly edged with scornful disbelief
That back he would recoil like April clouds
Before the advancing sun, and call upon
The mantle of his wrath to cover him.

— *Orelia Key Bell.*

HOPE'S SONG.

“ And will it be,” said Hope to me,
“ That over the snow he'll come,
And the beckoning light of your window bright
Will guide him, weary, home? ”

“ Or will it be,” said Hope to me,
“ On a summer's eventide,
When the tender glow of the sunset's low,
You shall walk home side by side? ”

“ Or will it be,” said Hope to me,
“ When the sky is dull and gray,
And thou downcast, he will come at last
And brighten all the day? ”

“ Or will it be,” said Hope to me,
“ You may put my pictures by,
Save one the best and the faithfulest,
To look at when you die? ”

“ Or a gleaming sea,” said Hope to me,
“ And a fair shore calm and sweet,
Where hearts I wis like thine and his
I have never failed to meet? ”

— *Elsie Kendall.*

THE WANTS OF MAN.

“Man wants but little here below.
Nor wants that little long.”
’Tis not with me exactly so ;
But ’tis so in the song.
My wants are many and, if told,
Would muster many a score ;
And were each wish a mint of gold,
I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread --
And canvas-backs — and wine --
And all the realms of nature spread
Before me, when I dine.
Four courses scarcely can provide
My appetite to quell ;
With four choice cooks from France beside,
To dress my dinners well.

What next I want, at princely cost,
Is elegant attire :
Black sable furs for winter’s frost,
And silk for summer’s fire,
And cashmere shawls and Brussel’s lace
My bosom’s front to deck,
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.

I want (who does not want?) a wife,—
Affectionate and fair ;
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share.
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm, yet placid mind,—
With all my faults to love me still
With sentiment refined.

And as Time's car incessant runs,
And Fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons
From eight to half a score.
I want (alas ! can mortal dare
Such bliss on earth to crave ?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair,
The boys all wise and brave.

I want a warm and faithful friend,
To cheer the adverse hour,
Who ne'er to flatter will descend,
Nor bend the knee to power —
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see ;
And that my friendship prove as strong,
For him as his for me.

I want the seals of power and place,
The ensigns of command,
Charged by the People's unbought grace,
To rule my native land.

Nor crown nor scepter would I ask
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise
To follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days
The friend of human kind,
That after ages, as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim
In choral union to the skies
Their blessings on my name.

These are the wants of mortal man, --
I cannot want them long,
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly bliss — a song.
My last great want — absorbing all --
Is, when beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call,
The mercy of my God.

— *John Quincy Adams*

A FOREBODING.

What were the whole wide world, if thou wert dead,
Whose briefest absence can eclipse my day,
And make the hours that danced with Time away
Drag their funereal steps with muffled tread?
Through thee, meseems, the very rose is red,
From thee draws life all things that grow not gray,
And by thy force the happy stars are sped.
Thou near, the hope of thee to overflow
Fills all my earth and heaven, and when in spring,
Ere April come the birds and blossoms know,
And grasses brighten round her feet to cling;
Nay, and this hope delight all nature so
That the dumb turf I tread on seems to sing.

—*James Russell Lowell.*

SONG OF THE RIVER.

Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle and foaming weir;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied walls where the church-bell rings,
Undefiled for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child!

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoky town in its murky cowl;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf, and sewer, and slimy bank;
Darker and darker the further I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow:
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child!

Strong and free, strong and free,
The flood-gates are open, away to the sea;
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my stream as I hurry along
To the golden sands and leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again,
Undefiled for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child!

— *Charles Kingsley.*

THE BEST GIFT OF ALL.

One-and-twenty, one-and-twenty,
Youth and beauty, lovers plenty;
Health and riches, ease and leisure;
Work to give a zest to pleasure;
What can amaid so lucky lack?
What can I wish that Fate holds back?

Youth will fade and beauty wanes;
Lovers, flouted, break their chains;
Health may fail and wealth may fly you,
Pleasures cease to satisfy you;
Almost everything that brings
Happiness is born with wings.

This I wish you — this is best:
Love that can endure the test;
Love surviving youth and beauty,
Love that blends with homely duty,
Love that's gentle, love that's true,
Love that's constant, wish I you.

Still unsatisfied she lives
Who for gold mere silver gives.
One more joy I wish you yet, —
To give as much love as you get.
Grant you, heaven, this to do,
To love him best who best loves you.

— *Edward Sanford Martin.*

ROUGE GAGNE.

'Tis too much joy ! 'Tis too much joy !
If I should fail, what poverty !
And yet, as poor as I
Have ventured all upon a throw ;
Have gained ! Yes ! Hesitated so
This side of victory !

Life is but life, and death but death !
Bliss is but bliss, and breath but breath !
And if, indeed, I fail,
At least to know the worst is sweet.
Defeat means nothing but defeat,
No drearier can prevail !

And if I gain, — oh, gun at sea,
Oh, bells that in the steeples be,
At first repeat it slow !
For heaven is a different thing
Conjectured, and waked sudden in,
And might o'erwhelm me so !

— *Emily Dickenson.*

AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE.

As one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known,
So I turn the leaves of Fancy, till in shadowy design
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise,

As I turn it low, to rest me of the dazzle in my eyes,
And light my pipe in silence, save a sigh that seems to yoke

Its fate with my tobacco, and to vanish with the smoke.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection, for the loving thoughts
that start

Into being are like perfumes from the blossoms of the heart ;

And to dream the old dream over is a luxury divine —
When my truant fancies wander with that old sweetheart
of mine.

Though I hear beneath my study, like the fluttering of wings,

The voices of my children and the mother as she sings,
I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any theme
When care has cast her anchor in the harbor of a dream.

In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm
To spice the good a little with a little dust of harm —
For I find an extra flavor in Memory's mellow wine
That makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetheart
of mine.

A face of lily-beauty, with a form of airy grace,
Floats out of my tobacco as the genii from the vase;
And I thrill beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes
As glowing as the summer and as tender as the skies.

I can see the pink sunbonnet and the little checkered
dress

She wore when first I kissed her, and she answered the
caress

With the written declaration that, "as surely as the vine
Grew round the stump," she loved me — that old
sweetheart of mine !

And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand,
As we used to talk together of the future we had planned;
When I should be a poet, and with nothing else to do
But write the tender verses that she set the music to;

When we should live together in a cosey little cot,
Hid in a nest of roses, with a fairy garden-spot,
Where the vines were ever fruited, and the weather
ever fine,

And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart
of mine;

And I should be her lover forever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was
gray;

And we should be so happy that when either's lips were
dumb

They would not smile in Heaven till the other's kiss
had come.

But — ah ! my dream is broken by a step upon the stair,
And the door is softly opened, and my wife is standing
there !

Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign
To greet the living presence of that old sweetheart of
mine.

— *James Whitcomb Riley.*

THE STRUGGLE.

“ Body, I pray you, let me go ! ”

(It is a soul that struggles so.)

“ Body, I see on yonder height

Dim reflex of a solemn light ;

A flame that shineth from the place

Where beauty walks with naked face ;

It is a flame you cannot see —

Lie, down, you clod, and set me free.

“ Body, I pray you, let me go ! ”

(It is a soul that striveth so.)

“ Body, I hear dim sounds afar

Dripping from some diviner star ;

Dim sounds of joyous harmony.

It is my mates that sing, and I

Must drink that song or break my heart —

Body, I pray you, let us part.

“ Comrade, your frame is worn and frail,

Your vital powers begin to fail ;

I long for life, but you for rest,

Then, Body, let us both be blest.

When you are lying neath the dew

I'll come sometimes, and sing to you ;

But you will feel nor pain nor woe —

Body, I pray you, let me go.”

Thus strove a Being ; Beauty fain,
He broke his bonds and fled amain.
He fled : the Body lay bereft,
But on its lips a smile was left,
As if that Spirit, looking back,
Shouted upon its upward track,
With joyous tone and hurried breath,
Some message that could comfort Death.

— *Dankske Danridge.*

SONG.

There is ever a song, somewhere, my dear;
There is ever a something sings alway;
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray.
The sunshine showers across the grain,
And the bluebird trills in the orchard trees,
And in and out, when the eves drip rain,
The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair;
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear —
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear —
There is ever a song somewhere !

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
In the midnight black, or the mid-day blue ;
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
And the cricket chirrups the whole night through.
The buds may blow and the fruit may grow,
And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sere ;
But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow,
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
Be the skies above or dark or fair ;
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear —
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear —
There is ever a song somewhere !

— *James Whitcomb Riley.*

THE WAY TO SING.

The birds must know. Who wisely sings
Will sing as they ;
The common air has generous wings,
Songs make their way.
No messenger to run before,
Devising plan ;
No mention of the place or hour
To any man ;
No waiting till some sound betrays
A listening ear ;
No different voice, no new delays,
If steps draw near.

“ What bird is that ? Its song is good.”
And eager eyes
Go peering through the dusky wood
In glad surprise.
Then late at night, when by the fire
The traveller sits,
Watching the flames grow brighter, higher,
The sweet song flits
By snatches through his weary brain
To help him rest.
When next he goes that road again,
An empty nest
On leafless bough will make him sigh :
“ Ah, me ! Last spring
Just here, I heard, in passing by,
That rare bird sing ! ’

But while he sighs, remembering
 How sweet the song,
The little bird, on tireless wing,
 Is borne along
In other air, and other men,
 With weary feet,
On other roads the simple strain
 Are finding sweet.
The birds must know Who wisely sing
 Will sing as they ;
The common air has generous wings,
 Songs make their way.

— *Helen Hunt.*

HER NAME.

“ I’m losted ! Could you find me please ? ”

Poor little frightened baby !

The wind had tossed her golden fleece,

The stone had scratched her dimpled knees.

I stooped and lifted her with ease,

And softly whispered, “ Maybe.”

“ Tell me your name, my little maid,

I can’t find you without it.”

“ My name is Shiney-eyes,” she said ;

“ Yes, but your last ? ” she shook her head :

“ Up to my house ’ey never said

A single fmg about it.”

“ But dear,” I said, “ what is your name ? ”

“ Why, didn’t you hear me tell you ?

Dust Shiney-eyes.” A bright thought came :

“ Yes, when you’re good ; but when they blame

You, little one ; it’s just the same

When mamma has to scold you ? ”

“ My mamma never scolds,” she moans,

A little blush ensuing,

“ ’Cept when I’ve been a-frowning stones,

And then she says ” (the culprit owns) :

“ Mehetable Sapphira Jones,

What has you been a-doing ? ”

— *Anna F. Burnham.*

PUCK.

O it was Puck ! I saw him yesternight
Swing up betwixt a phlox-top and the rim
Of a low crescent moon that cradled him,
Whirring his rakish wings with all his might,
And pursing his wee mouth, that dimpled white
And red, as though some dagger keen and slim
Had stung him there, while ever faint and dim
His eerie warblings piped his high delight ;
Till I, grown jubilant, shrill answer made,
At which, all suddenly, he dropped from view ;
And peering after 'neath the everglade,
What was it, do you think, I saw him do ?
I saw him peeling dewdrops with a blade
Of starshine sharpened on his bat-wing shoe.

— *James Whitcomb Riley.*

IN THE TWILIGHT.

Sometimes a breath floats by me,
An odor from dreamland sent,
That makes the ghost seem nigh me
Of a splendor that came and went,
Of a life lived somewhere, I know not
In what diviner sphere ;
Of memories that stay not and go not
Like music once heard by an ear
That cannot forget or reclaim it ;
A something so shy it would shame it
To make it a show ;
A something too vague, could I name it
For others to know ;
As if I had lived it or dreamed it,
As if I had acted or schemed it,
Long ago !
And yet I could live it over,
This life that stirs in my brain,
Could I be both maiden and lover,
Moon and tide, bee and clover,
As I seem to have been, once again.
Could I but speak and show it,
This pleasure more sharp than pain,
That baffles and lures me so,
This world would not lack a poet,
Such as it had
In the ages glad
Long ago !

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIRE?

Shall I, wasting in despaire,
Dye because a woman's fair !
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosier are ?

Be she fairer than the day
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she thinks not well of me,
What care I how fair she be ?

Shall my seely heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind ?
Or a well disposed nature
Joyned with a lovely feature ?

Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle-dove or Pelican, —
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be ?

Shall a woman's vertues move
Me to perish for her love ?
Or her well deservings knowne
Make her quite forget mine own ?

Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of best,
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortune seems too high
Shall I play the fool and die?
She that bears a noble mind,
If not outward helps she find,
 Thinks what with them he would do,
 That without them dares her woe :
 And unless that minde I see,
 What care I how great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or faire,
I will ne'er the more despaire :
If she love me (this believe),
I will die ere she shall grieve
 If she slight me when I woe,
 I can scorne and let her goe ;
 For if she be not for me,
 What care I for whom she be?

— *George Wither.*

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

O your hands — they are strangely fair !
Fair — for the jewels that sparkle there, —
Fair — for the witchery of the spell
That ivory keys alone can tell ;
But when their delicate touches rest
Here in my own do I love them best,
As I clasp with eager acquisitive spans
My glorious treasure of beautiful hands !

Marvellous — wonderful — beautiful hands !
They can coax roses to bloom in the strands
Of your brown tresses ; and ribbons will twine,
Under mysterious touches of thine,
Into such knots as entangle the soul,
And fetter the heart under such a control
As only the strength of my love understands —
My passionate love of your beautiful hands.

As I remember the first fair touch
Of those beautiful hands that I love so much,
I seem to thrill as I then was thrilled,
Kissing the glove that I found unfilled —
When I met your gaze, and the queenly bow,
As you said to me, laughingly, “ Keep it now ! ”
And dazed and alone in a dream I stand
Kissing this ghost of your beautiful hand.

When I first loved in the long ago,
And held your hand as I told you so —
Pressed and caressed it and gave it a kiss,
And said “I would die for a hand like this !”
Little I dreamed love’s fulness yet
Had to ripen when eyes were wet,
And prayers were vain in their wild demands
For one warm touch of your beautiful hands.

Beautiful hands ! O beautiful hands !
Could you reach out of the alien lands
Where you are lingering, and give me, to-night,
Only a touch — were it ever so light —
My heart were soothed, and my weary brain
Would lull itself into rest again ;
For there is no solace the world commands
Like the caress of your beautiful hands.

— *James Whitcomb Riley.*

HER FRIEND.

Marie had lovers half a score,
She wears them as she does her gloves :
One pair when driving on the shore,
Another for the modest loves
Of country lanes, 'mid flowers and dew,—
A whirl that never seems to end ;
And yet, 'tis serious and true,
I much prefer to be her friend !

When tired of Charlie's tennis talk,
And wearied quite with George's drawl,
When sated with the moonlight walk
After the ennui of the ball,
Ah, then she takes my arm in hers,
And I to her rare moods attend,
Beneath the pines and junipers,—
And still I'd rather be her friend !

Her soul is like an open book,
Wherein the fairest thoughts I read :
No stranger 'twixt its covers look,
Or, glimpsing, feel no anxious need.
The utmost trust she asks of me,
That trust where two twin natures blend,
My comrades woo right gallantly,—
But I would rather be her friend !

We read for hours in quiet nooks,
The few deep authors of our choice ;
Somehow, the music of the brooks
Is not so sweet as her low voice ;
And while the breakers strike the beach,
And over, under, curve and bend,
Her heart my heart doth truly teach,
Until — but I must be her friend !

Sometimes the daring thought will rise,
When touch of hand has thrilled me through,
And in her tender girlish eyes
One sees the heaven's reflected blue,
What should I do if she some day
Her wedding cards to me should send ?
I could not truly, frankly say,
'Tis better just to be her friend !

— *Anonymous.*

A CRADLE SONG.

Swish and swing! Swish and swing! Through the yellow grain

Stoutly moves the cradler to a low refrain,
While the swaying blades of wheat tremble to his sweep
Till he lays them carefully in a row to sleep;
 And he feels a mystic rhyme
 Makes his cradle rock on time
 To the rocking of the cradle by the door.

Swish and swing! Swish and swing! So the cheeks grow red,

Bowls are filled with porridge, and ovens piled with bread,

Bossy claims the middlings, and coltie eats the bran,
Chicky gets the screenings, and birdie all he can.

 So the cradle's harvest rhyme
 Keeps the reaper's stroke in time
 With the cradle that is rocking by the door.

Thus the golden harvest falls to yield the precious wheat.

Life is golden, too! alas! but only love is sweet.

Labor for the fireside is the royal crown to wear,

And Love that gave the harvest will give each heart its share,

 While the reaper swings in time,
 Like a loving, tender rhyme,
 To the rocking of the cradle by the door.

Swish and swing! Swish and swing! Ah, the good old
sound,

Harvest note of gladness all the world around!

Hear the cradles glancing on the hilly steep;

Hear the little rocker where baby lies asleep—

Gentle, universal rhyme

Of the reaper keeping time

With the rocking of the cradle by the door.

— *Charles H. Crandall, Century.*

HOW TO JUDGE.

“ Judge the people by their action ” — ’tis a rule you often get —

“ Judge the actions by their people ” is a wiser maxim yet. Have I known you, brother, sister? Have I looked into your heart?

Mingled with your thoughts my feelings, taken of your life my part?

Through the warp of your convictions sent the shuttle of my thought,

Till the web became a Credo, for us both, of should and ought?

Seen, in thousand ways, your nature, in all act and look and speech?

By that large induction only I your law of being reach. Now I hear of this wrong action — what is that to you and me?

Sin within you may have done it — fruit, not native to the tree.

Foreign graft has come to bearing — mistletoe grows on your bough —

If I ever really knew you, then, my friend, I know you now.

So I say, “ He never did it,” or “ He did not so intend.” Or “ Some foreign power o’ercame him ” — so I judge the action, friend!

Let the mere outside observer note appearance as he can,

We, more righteous judgment passing, test each action by its man.

— *James Freeman Clarke.*

FLOWERS.

Sweet letters of the angel tongue
I've loved ye long and well,
And never have failed in your fragrance sweet
To find some magic spell, —
A charm that has bound me with witching power;
For mine is the old belief,
That midst your sweets and midst your bloom,
There's a soul in every leaf.

— *M. M. Ballou.*

WAITING.

He is coming! He is coming! in my throbbing breast
I feel it;
There is music in my blood, and it whispers all day
long,
That my love unknown comes toward me! Ah, my
heart, he need not hide it,
For I cannot hide the secret that it murmurs in its
song!

O the sweet bursting flowers! how they open, never
blushing,
Laying bare their fragrant bosoms to the kisses of
the sun!
And the birds — I thought 'twas poets only read their
tender gushing,
But I hear their pleading stories, and I know them
every one.

“He is coming!” says my heart; I may raise my eyes
and greet him;
I may meet him any moment — shall I know him
when I see?
And my heart laughs back the answer — I can tell him
when I meet him,
For our eyes will kiss and mingle, ere he speaks a
word to me.

O, I'm longing for his coming — in the dark my arms
outreaching ;

To hasten you, my love, see, I lay my bosom bare !

Ah, the night-wind ! I shudder, and my hands are
raised beseeching —

It wailed so light a death-sigh that passed me in the
air !

— *John Boyle O'Reilly.*

"GOING SOMEWHERE."

My science friend, my noblest woman friend
(Now buried in an English grave — and this a memory
leaf for her dear sake),
Ended our talk — "The sum, concluding all we know
of old or modern learning, intuitions deep,
Of all Geologies — of all Astronomy — of Evolutions,
Metaphysics, all
Is, that we all are onward, onward, speeding slowly,
surely bettering,
Life, life an endless march, an endless army (no halt,
but it is duly over),
The world, the race, the soul — in space the time, the
universes,
All bound, as is befitting each — all surely going some-
where."

— *Walt Whitman.*

WHAT IS GOOD?

“What is the real good?”
I asked in musing mood.

Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said the maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Home, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, the seer.

Spake my heart full sadly:
“The answer is not here.”

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
“Each heart holds the secret;
Kindness is the word.”

—*John Boyle O'Reilly.*

LOVE AND DEATH.

Not here, O Death! not here.
Is there no other flower for thee to take?
All the world is thine, and for its sake,
Oh, come not here!

See how I bow myself before thy might —
Ask what thou wilt, but leave this heart to me,
Then will I deck thee with a garland bright,
And freely give my sweetest dreams to thee —
Whisper such loveliness in thine ear
That thou shalt wish each day to be a night :
But come not here.

Thou canst not come — I will not let thee pass,
Thou shalt not conquer me, Alas! Alas!
Think not of what I said — I meant it not.
I know I cannot stay thee, if the lot
Is cast. Still, let this one heart live,
And I will give thee all I have to give.
Ah, me! I may not die. With sorrow wild,
Good Death, have pity on a little child :
Oh, come not here!

Death gently thrust the weeping child aside ;
But as he slowly passed toward the room —
Like diamond flashing rose red in the gloom —
Glistened a tear not even Death could hide —
He entered in.

— *Edward F. Strange.*

AMOR OMNIA VINCIT.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all along bewEEP my outcast state
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least ;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate ;
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

— *William Shakespeare.*

THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;
My thought still clings to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;
Thy fate is the common fate of all :
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days be dark and dreary.

— *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

THE FOND, FAITHFUL HEART.

Deep down 'neath the bosom of ocean,
 Unsounded by plummet or line,
At peace from the storm and commotion,
 That rage o'er its billows of brine,
There are secrets that time shall not fathom,
 There are jewels unknown to earth's mart;
As deep, as true, and as precious
 Is the voice of the fond, faithful heart.

— *Jessie Bartlett Davis.*

THE SIN OF OMISSION.

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun ;
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of the brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say,
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time nor thought for,
With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels
Which even mortals find —
They come in night and silence
Each mild reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late.
And 'tis not the things you do, dear,
It's the things you leave undone,
Which gives you the bitter heartache,
At the setting of the sun.

— *Margaret E. Sangster.*

MEETING.

The gray sea, and the long black land ;
And the yellow half-moon large and low ;
And the startled little waves that leap
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm, sea-scented beach ;
Three fields to cross, till a farm appears :
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match,
And a voice less loud, through its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts, beating each to each.

— *Robert Browning.*

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death ! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore ;
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine for ever more.

There is no death ! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit
Or rainbow tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear ;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death ! The leaves may fall,
The flowers fade and pass away —
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death ! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them " dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers —
Transported into bliss they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones
 Made glad this scene of sin and strife,
Sings now her everlasting song
 Amid the Tree of Life.

And when he sees a smile too bright
 Or heart too pure for taint of vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
 To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,
 They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them — the same,
 Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
 The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
 Is life — there are no dead.

A SUPPOSITION.

“Suthin’ in the pastoral line.”—*Lowell*.

He had been trying all the winter through
To speak the fatal words; and well she knew
He had been trying—but what could she do?

Most maidenly of little maids was she,
With childlike horror that such things could be
As that a woman could be “fast” or “free.”

And just because he did adore her so,
His tongue would stammer, and his voice would go,
At bare idea of a possible “No.”

He had a friend, a learned young professor;
Him he had constituted his confessor,
And general moral gauger and assessor.

To him were told the maiden’s simple wiles,
Her pretty blushes and beguiling smiles,
In many words, and various moods and styles.

The swain would boast him to the little maid,
When he of other subjects was afraid,
Of all the learning that his friend displayed.

And so, one evening, when it chanced that she
Was bidden to an evening company,
She went, with hope this paragon to see.

And he was there ; so, too, her bashful swain,
Who strangely did not help her to attain
The introduction which she hoped to gain.

For he had suddenly grown sore afraid
That a professor of so high a grade
Would straight supplant him with his little maid.

She waited long, and then, — most hardily
For one who thought that maids should not be “free,”—
“ Will you present me to your friend ? ” said she.

Now was his chance ! Fiercely his pulses hammered,
She'd surely hear his heart, so loud it clamored ;
“ I — can't present you — you're not mine ! ” he stam-
mered.

“ And if you were,”—now, that he had begun,
His courage rose,—“ I'd keep you, dearest one ! ”
“ Always ? ” she murmured. “ Always ! ” It was done !
— *Margaret Vandergrift, Century.*

RETROSPECTION.

Yes, dear, I remember the old days,
And oh, how charming they were !
I doubt — no, I know that no others to come
Will ever such feelings stir.
We had only been married a few months,
And love, like a delicate veil,
Veiled in beauty the trivial doings,
The commonest facts of those days.

In the morning I used to leave you,
And that was the only pain ;—
Through the grass with its dewdrops diamonded
We walked down the shadowy lane,
And as far as the gate you went with me,
And there, with a kiss, we said
Good by ; and you lingering watched me,
And smiled and nodded your head.

And when day was over how gladly
I rushed from the dusty town !
As I opened the gate, I whistled,
And there was your fluttering gown
As you ran with a smile to meet me,
With your brown curls tossing free,
And your arms were thrown about my neck
As I clasped you close to me.

And the birds broke into a chorus
Of twittering joy and love,
And the golden sunset flamed in the trees,
And gladdened the sky above,
And up the lane together
We slowly loitered along,
While love in our hearts was singing
Its young and exquisite song.

The blood through our veins ran swiftly,
Like a stream of lambent fire ;
Our thoughts were all winged, and our spirits
Uplifted with sweet desire.
My joy, my love, my darling,
You made the whole world sweet,
And the very ground seemed beautiful
That you pressed beneath your feet.

What was there more to ask for,
As I held you closely there,
And you smiled with those gentle, tender eyes,
And I breathed the scent of your hair ?
Stop Time, and speed no further !
Nothing, as long as we live,
Can give such a radiance of delight,
As one hour of love can give.

The lilacs were filling with fragrance
The air along the lane,
And I never smell the lilacs
But those hours revive again;
And oft, though long years have vanished,
One whiff of their scent will bring
Those dear old days, with their thrill of life,
When love was blossoming.

Time has gone on despite us,
We both have grown old and gray,
And love itself has grown old and staid,
But it never has flown away;
The fragile and scented blossom
Of springtime and youth is shed,
But its sound sweet fruit of a large content
Hath ripened for us instead.

—*W. W. Story.*

AN IDYL OF THE PERIOD.

“Come right in. How are you, Fred?
Find a chair, and get a light.”
“Well, old man, recovered yet
From the Mather’s jam last night?”
“Didn’t dance. The German’s old.”
“Didn’t you? I had to lead —
Awful bore! Did you go home?”
“No. Sat out with Molly Meade.
Jolly little girl she is —
Said she didn’t care to dance,
’D rather sit and talk to me —
Then she gave me such a glance!
So, when you had cleared the room,
And impounded all the chairs,
Having nowhere else, we two
Took possession of the stairs.
I was on the lower step.
Molly, on the next above,
Gave me her bouquet to hold,
Asked me to undo her glove.
Then, of course, I squeezed her hand,
Talked about my wasted life;

‘Ah! if I could only win
Some true woman for my wife,
How I’d love her — work for her!
Hand in hand through life we’d walk —
No one ever cared for me’ —
Takes a girl — that kind of talk.
Then, you know, I used my eyes —
She believed me, every word —
Said I mustn’t talk so — Jove!
Such a voice you never heard.
Gave me some symbolic flower, —
‘Had a meaning, oh, so sweet,’ —
Don’t know where it is, I’m sure;
Must have dropped it in the street.
How I spooned! — And she — ha! ha! —
Well I know it wasn’t right —
But she pitied me so much
That I — kissed her — pass the light.”

PART TWO.

“Molly Meade, well, I declare!
Who’d have thought of seeing you,
After what occurred last night,
Out here on the avenue!

Oh, you awful! awful girl!

There, don't blush, I saw it all."

"Saw all what?" "Ahem! last night —

At the Mather's — In the hall."

"Oh, you horrid — where were you?

Wasn't he the biggest goose!

Most men must be caught, but he

Ran his own head in the noose.

I was almost dead to dance,

I'd have done it if I could,

But old Gray said I must stop,

And I promised Ma I would.

So I looked up sweet and said

That I'd rather talk to him;

Hope he didn't see me laugh,

Luckily the lights were dim.

My, how he did squeeze my hand!

And he looked up in my face

With his lovely big brown eyes —

Really, it's a dreadful case.

'Earnest?' — I should think he was!

Why I thought I'd have to laugh

When he kissed a flower he took,

Looking, oh! like such a calf.

I suppose he's got it now,

In a wine-glass on his shelves;

It's a mystery to me

Why men will deceive themselves.

‘Saw him kiss me!’— Oh, you wretch;
Well, he begged so hard for one —
And I thought they’d no one know —
So I — let him, just for fun.
I know it really wasn’t right
To trifle with his feelings, dear,
But men are such stuck-up things;
He’ll recover — never fear.”

— *George A. Baker, Jr*

THE TELLTALE.

Once, on a golden afternoon,
With radiant face and hearts in tune,
Two fond lovers in dreaming mood
Threaded a rural solitude.
Wholly happy, they only knew
That the earth was bright and the sky was blue,
That light and beauty and joy and song
Charmed the way as they passed along.
The air was fragrant with woodland scents;
The squirrel frisked on the roadside fence;
And hovering near them, "Chee, chee, chink?"
Queried the curious bobolink,
Pausing and peering with sidelong head,
As saucily questioning all they said;
While the ox-eye danced on its slender stem,
And all glad nature rejoiced with them.
Over the odorous fields were strown
Wilting windrows of grass new-mown,
And rosy billows of clover bloom
Surged in the sunshine and breathed perfume.
Swinging low on a slender limb,
The sparrow warbled his wedding hymn,
And, balancing on a blackberry brier,
The bobolink sung with his heart on fire,—
"Chink? If you wish to kiss her, do!
Do it, do it! You coward, you!

Kiss her! Kiss, kiss her! Who will see?
Only we three! we three! we three!"

Under garlands of drooping vines,
Through dim vistas of sweet-breathed pines,
Past wide meadow-fields lately mowed,
Wandered the indolent country road.
The lovers followed it, listening still,
And, loitering slowly, as lovers will,
Entered a low roofed bridge that lay,
Dusky and cool in their pleasant way.
Fluttering lightly from brink to brink
Followed the garrulous bobolink,
Rallying loudly, with mirthful din,
The pair who lingered unseen within.
And when from the friendly bridge at last
Into the road beyond they passed,
Again beside them the tempter went,
Keeping the thread of his argument:—
"Kiss her! Kiss her! chink-a-chee-chee!
I'll not mention it! Don't mind me!
I'll be sentinel—I can see
All around from this tall birch tree!"

But, ah! they noted—nor deemed it strange—
In his rollicking chorus a trifling change:
"Do it! Do it!" with might and main
Warbled the telltale—"Do it again!"

OL' PICKETT'S NELL.

Feel more'n ever like a fool
Sence Pickett's Nell come back from school.
She oncet wuz twelve an' me eighteen
('Nd better friends you never seen ;)

But now — oh, my !

She's dressed so fine 'nd growed so tall,
'Nd l'arnin' — she jest knows it all.
She's eighteen now, but I'm so slow
I'm whar I wuz six years ago.

Six years ! Waal, waal ! doan't seem a week
Sence we rode Dolly to the creek,
'Nd fetched th' cattle home at night,
Her hangin' to my jacket tight.

But now — oh, my !

She rides in Pickett's new coopay
Jes like she'd be'n brung up that way,
'Nd lookin' like a reg'lar queen —
Th' mostest like I ever seen.

She uster tease, 'nd tease, 'nd tease
Me fer to take her on my knees ;
Then tire me out 'ith Marge'y Daw,
'Nd laffin' tell my throat wuz raw.

But now — oh, my !

She sets up this way — kinder proud,
'Nd never no ways laughs out loud.
You wouldn't hardly think thet she
Hed ever see-sawed on my knee.
'Nd sometimes, ef at noon I'd choose
To find a shady spot and snooze,
I'd wake with burdocks in my hair
'Nd elderberries in my ear.

But now — oh, my !
Somebody said ('twuz yesterday):
“ Let's hev some fun w'ile Ned's away ;
Let's turn his jacket inside out ! ”
But Nell — she'd jes turn red 'nd pout.

.
'Nd once when I wuz dreamin' like,
A-throwin' akerns in th' dike,
She put her arms clean round my head,
'Nd whispered soft, “ I like you, Ned ; ”

But now — oh, my !
She curteseyed so stiff and grand,
'Nd never onct held out 'er hand,
'Nd called me “ Mister Edward ! ” Laws !
Thet aint my name, 'nd never wuz.

'Nd them 'at knowed 'er years ago
Ses laughed t' see 'er put on so ;
Cos it wuz often talked and said,
“ Nell Pickett's jes cut out fer Ned.”

But now — oh, my !

She held 'er purty head so high,
'Nd akasely saw me goin' by —
I w'udn't dast (afore last night)
A-purposely come near her sight.

Last night! — Ez I wuz startin' out
To git th' cows, I heerd a shout;
'Nd, sure ez ghostses she wuz that,
A-sittin' on ol' Pickett's mar';
 'Nd then — oh, my!
She said she'd cried fer all th' week
To take th' ol' ride to th' creek;
Then talked about ol' times, 'nd said,
“Them days wuz happy, wa'n't they, Ned,?”

Th' folks wuz talkin' ev'rywhars
'Bout her a-puttin' on sech airs,
'Nd seemed to me like they wuz right,
Afore th' cows come home last night,
 But now — oh, my!

.

—*Mather Dean Kimball.*

MY SHIPS.

I have ships that went to sea,
More than fifty years ago ;
None have yet come home to me,
But are sailing to and fro.
I have seen them in my sleep,
Plunging through the shoreless deep,
With tattered sails and battered hulls,
While around them screamed the gulls,
Flying low, flying low.

I have wondered why they stayed
From me sailing round the world,
And I said, " I'm half afraid
That their sails will ne'er be furled.
Great the treasures that they hold,
Silks and plumes and bars of gold,
While the spices that they bear
Fill with fragrance all the air,
As they sail, as they sail.

Ah, each sailor in the port
Knows that I have ships at sea,
Of the winds and waves a sport,
And the sailors pity me.

Oft they come and with me walk,
Cheering me with hopeful talk,
Till I put my fears aside,
And, contented, watch the tide
Rise and fall, rise and fall.

I have waited on the piers,
Gazing for them down the bay,
Days and nights for many years,
Till I turned heartsick away.
But the pilots, when they land,
Stop and take me by the hand,
Saying, "You will live to see
Your proud vessels come from sea
One and all, one and all.

So I never quite despair,
Nor let hope or courage fail,
And some day, when skies are fair,
Up the bay my ships will sail.
I shall then buy all I need,
Prints to look at, books to read,
Horses, wines, and works of art,
Everything — except a heart ;
That is lost, that is lost.

Once, when I was pure and young,
Richer, too, than I am now,
Ere a cloud was o'er me flung
Or a wrinkle creased my brow,
There was one whose heart was mine ;
But she is something now divine,
And, though come my ships from sea,
They can bring no heart to me,
Evermore, evermore.

— *Barry Gray (Robert Barry Coffin).*

MOON SONG.

(from "Liber Amoris.")

Of thy months the slow allotter,
I arise, O Earth, my daughter,
As a snow flower from the water
 Of the South's ensilvered sea,
And I soar with breathless going,
Holy seed-lights o'er thee sowing,
Which the Sun, thy sire, bestowing
 Showers from radiant hands on me,
 Like a precious ointment poured
 On a bride's brow by her lord,
Till his glory purer growing and o'erflowing
 Streams to thee.

Lo, the sun exacts each morrow
Tribute from thy fire-fed furrow,
Wealth for warmth which thou dost borrow,
 Gold fruit for his gold light sown ;
Freer than the morn's commander,
Light unharvested I squander,
Beams that ever fruitless wander,
 Born of love and all thine own.
Child, I nurse thee for no boot, —
Wine or flower or fragrant root ;
Lighting thee with spirit fonder, I dart yonder
 Love alone.

When the sun's light loosens, beaming,
Half his sheaf of shafts upstreaming,
Home flies love with all his dreaming.

Sunlight lures, like golden fleece
Eastward ; mine is westward peace ;
His a trumpet, mine a tabor ; his for labor,
Mine for love.

I bring powers of purer worth,
And I wind within the springs
Of man's higher imaginings
Spells of holy peace, till thy lands are as my lands,
Daughter Earth.

Back through these cloud-woven valleys
Now I seek my shadowy palace,
Where each nymph her comrade rallies,
Filling founts of morn for me.

Thence all lights of Love's own legion
Through my silver-sapphired region
Soon shall throng at my decision,

And the stars shall shrink to see
Me with newly nectared urn
Rise again and break and burn
Thy dark nights with dawns Elysian, rich in vision,
Child for thee.

—*Henry Bernard Carpenter.*

ON AN INTAGLIO HEAD OF MINERVA.

Beneath the warrior's head behold
The flowing tresses of the woman !
Minerva, Pallas, what you will —
A winsome creature, Greek or Roman.

Minerva? No ! 'tis some sly minx
In cousin's helmet masquerading ;
If not — then Wisdom was a dame
For sonnets and for serenading !

I thought the goddess cold, austere,
Not made for love's despairs and blisses ;
Did Pallas wear her hair like that ?
Was Wisdom's mouth so shaped for kisses ?

The nightingale should be her bird,
And not the owl, big-eyed and solemn ;
How very fresh she looks, and yet
She's older far than Trajan's column !

The magic hand that carved this face,
And set this vine-work round it running,
Perhaps ere mighty Phidias wrought
Had lost its subtle skill and cunning.

Who was he? Was he glad or sad?
Who knew to carve in such a fashion?
Perchance he graved the dainty head
For some brown girl that scorned his passion.

Perchance, in some still garden place
Where neither fount nor tree to-day is,
He flung the jewel at the feet
Of Phryne, or perhaps 'twas Lais.

But he is dust; we may not know
His happy or unhappy story:
Nameless, and dead these centuries
His work outlives him — there's his glory!

Both man and jewel lay in earth
Beneath a lava-buried city;
The countless summers came and went
With neither haste nor hate nor pity.

Years blotted out the man, but left
The jewel fresh as any blossom,
Till some Visconti dug it up —
To rise and fall on Mabel's bosom.

O nameless brother ! See how Time
Your gracious handiwork has guarded
See how your loving, patient art
Has come at last to be rewarded.

Who would not suffer slights of men,
And pangs of hopeless passion also,
To have his carven agate stone
On such a bosom rise and fall so !

— *Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

A KISS IN THE RAIN.

One stormy morn I chanced to meet
A lassie in the town ;
Her locks were like the ripened wheat,
Her laughing eyes were brown.
I watched her as she tripped along
Till madness filled my brain,
And then — and then — I know 'twas wrong —
I kissed her in the rain !

With rain-drops shining on her cheek,
Like dew-drops on a rose,
The little lassie strove to speak
My boldness to oppose ;
She strove in vain, and quivering
Her finger stole in mine ;
And then the birds began to sing,
The sun began to shine.

Oh, let the clouds grow dark above,
My heart is light below ;
'Tis always summer when we love,
However winds may blow ;
And I'm as proud as any prince,
All honors I disdain :
She says I am her rain beau since
I kissed her in the rain.

— *Samuel Minturn Peck.*

FROM "THE LIGHT OF ASIA."

When they came unto the river-side,
A woman — dove-eyed, young, with tearful face
And lifted hands — saluted, bending low :
"Lord ! thou art he," she said, "who yesterday
Had pity on me in the fig-grove here,
Where I live lone and reared my child ; but he
Straying amid the blossoms found a snake,
Which twined about his wrist, whilst he did laugh
And tease the quick-forked tongue and opened mouth
Of that cold playmate. But, alas ! ere long
He turned so pale and still I could not think
Why he should cease to play, and let my breast
Fall from his lips. And one said, 'He will die.'
But I, who could not lose my precious boy,
Prayed of them physic, which might bring the light
Back to his eyes ; it was so very small
The kiss-mark of the serpent, and I think
It could not hate him, gracious as he was,
Nor hurt him in his sport. And some one said,
'There is a holy man upon the hill —
Lo ! now he passeth in the yellow robe —
Ask of the Rishi if there be a cure
For that which ails thy son.' Whereon I came
Trembling to thee, whose brow is like a god's,
And wept and drew the face-cloth from my babe,
Praying thee tell what simples might be good.

And thou, great sir, didst spurn me not, but gaze
With gentle eyes and touch with patient hand ;
Then draw the face-cloth back, saying to me,
' Yea, little sister, there is that might heal
Thee first, and him, if thou couldst fetch the thing :
For they who seek physicians bring to them
What is ordained. Therefore, I pray thee, find
Black mustard-seed, a tola ; only mark
Thou take it not from any hand or house
Where father, mother, child, or slave hath died :
It shall be well if thou canst find such seed.'
Thus didst thou speak, my Lord !"

The Master smiled
Exceeding tenderly. " Yea ! I spake thus
Dear Kisagôtami ! But didst thou find
The seed ? "

" I went Lord, clasping to my breast
The babe, grown colder, asking at each hut —
Here in the jungle and towards the town —
' I pray you, give me mustard, of your grace
A tola — black ; ' and each who had it gave,
For all the poor are piteous to the poor ;
But when I asked, ' In my friend's household here
Hath any peradventure ever died ?
Husband, or wife, or child, or slave ? ' they said :
' O Sister ! what is this you ask ? The dead
Are very many, and the living few ! '
So with sad thanks I gave the mustard back,

And prayed of others ; but the others said,
' Here is the seed, but we have lost our slave ! '
' Here is the seed, but the good man is dead ! '
' Here is some seed, but he that sowed it died
Between the raintime and the harvesting ! '
Ah, sir ! I could not find a single house
Where there was mustard-seed and none had died !
Therefore I left my child — who would not suck
Nor smile — beneath the wild vines by the stream,
To seek thy face and kiss thy feet, and pray
Where I might find this seed and find no death,
If now, indeed, my baby be not dead,
As I do fear, and as they said to me."

" My sister ! thou hast found," the Master said,
" Searching for what none finds — that bitter balm
I had to give thee. He thou lovedst slept
Dead on thy bosom yesterday ; to-day
Thou know'st the whole wide world weeps with thy
 woe :
The grief which all hearts share grows less for one.
Lo ! I would pour my blood if it would stay
Thy tears and win the secret of that curse
Which makes sweet love our anguish, and which
 drives —
O'er flowers and pastures to the sacrifice —
As these dumb beasts are driven — men their lords.
I seek that secret : bury thou the child ! "

— *Sir Edwin Arnold.*

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray ;
Yet ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long :
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand sweet song.

— *Charles Kingsley.*

AUF WIEDERSEHEN!

SUMMER.

The little gate was reached at last,
Half hid in lilacs down the lane;
She pushed it wide, and, as she past,
A wistful look she backward cast,
And said, "Auf wiedersehen!"

With hand on latch, a vision white
Lingered reluctant, and again
Half doubting if she did aright,
Soft as the dews that fell that night,
She said, "Auf wiedersehen!"

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair;
I linger in delicious pain;
Ah, in that chamber, whose rich air
To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,
Thinks she "Auf wiedersehen!"

'Tis thirteen years; once more I press
The turf that silences the lane;
I hear the rustle of her dress,
I smell the lilacs, and — ah, yes,
I hear, "Auf wiedersehen!"

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art!
The English words had seemed too fain
But these — they drew us heart to heart,
Yet held us tenderly apart;
She said, — "Auf wiedersehen!"

— *James Russell Lowell.*

"SAYONARA."

Which word, of all the words for parting made,
Seems best to say, and sweetest, being said?
Which holds most tenderness, and least despair,
And lingers longest in the loved one's ear?
O Yoshi San! O Fuku San! when we
Must say "Good by" shall that the last word be?
Our English "God be with you!" or in phrase
Of Persia, "Khuda hafiz" — "All your days
Heaven keep you!" Or, as the Egyptians do,
"Lailatak said!" — "Happy night to you!"
Or, in the Arab manner, hand on brow,
"Salaam aleikum!" — "Peace be with you now!"
Or, in the soft Italian, "Addio!"
"To God I give you, since, alas! I go."
"Ora d'partenza!" Or, as they of Spain,
"Hasta la vista!" — "Till we meet again!"
"Vaya con Dios!" — "Go thy ways with God!"
Or lightly, with the lively Frenchman's nod,
"Bon soir, mais sans adieu!" — "Good night, and yet
No speech of parting till once more we are met!"
Or solemn Sanskrit "Swagatam"; or word
Of guttural German, at hand-shaking heard,
"Auf wiedersehen!" Or any far-fetched speech
Of India, China, Russia, seeking each
Some pretty gentle wish to charm away
The sorrow of the thing they have to say?
No! it shall not be any one of these,
But "Sayonara," in soft Japanese;

For this, at worst, means “Since it must be so!”
And, while we speak the sad word, who can know
We shall not change it to “So de wa nai!”
And have no Sayonara then to say?

—*Sir Edwin Arnold.*

"O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE."

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence : live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven :
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child,
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved ;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air,
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burthen of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better — saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,

And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread forever.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty —
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

— *George Eliot.*

WORKING AND WAITING.

I.

Look on the form, once fit for the sculptor !
Look on that cheek where the roses have died !
Working and waiting have robbed from the artist
All that his marble could show for its pride.
Statue-like sitting
Alone, in the flitting
And wind-haunted shadows that people her hearth.
God protect all of us —
God shelter all of us
From the reproach of such scenes upon earth !

II.

All the day long, and through the cold midnight,
Still the hot needle she wearily plies.
Haggard and white as the ghost of a Spurned One,
Sewing white robes for the Chosen One's eyes —
Lost in her sorrow,
But for the morrow
Phantom-like speaking in every stitch,
God protect all of us —
God shelter all of us
From the Curse, born with each sigh for the Rich !

III.

Low burns the lamp. Fly swifter, thou needle —
Swifter, thou asp for the breast of the poor!
Else the pale light will be stolen by Pity,
Ere of the vital part thou hast made sure.
Dying, yet living:
All the world's giving
Barely the life that runs out with her thread.
God protect all of us —
God shelter all of us
From her last glance, as she follows the Dead!

IV.

What if the morning finds her still bearing
All the soul's load of a merciless lot!
Fate will not lighten a grain of the burden
While the poor bearer by man is forgot.
Living and sighing!
Sewing and dying!
What to such life is a day or two more?
God protect all of us —
God shelter all of us
From the new day's lease of woe to the Poor!

V. .

Hasten, ye winds ! and yield her the mercy
Lying in sleep on your purified breath ;
Yield her the mercy, enfolding a blessing,
Yield her the mercy whose signet is Death.
In her toil stopping,
See her work dropping —
Fate, thou art merciful ! Life, thou art done !
God protect all of us —
God shelter all of us
From the heart breaking, and yet living on !

VI.

Winds that have sainted her, tell ye the story
Of the young life by the needle that bled ;
Making its bridge over Death's soundless waters
Out of a swaying and soul-cutting thread.
Over it going,
All the world knowing !
Thousands have trod it, foot-bleeding, before !
God protect all of us —
God shelter all of us,
Should she look back from the opposite shore !

— *Adah Isaacs Menhen.*

TWO LOVERS.

Two lovers by a moss-grown spring:
They leaned soft cheeks together there,
Mingled the dark and sunny hair,
And heard the wooing thrushes sing.
O budding time !
O love's blest prime !

Two wedded from the portal step,
The bells made happy carollings,
The air was soft as fanning wings,
White petals on the pathway slept.
O pure-eyed bride !
O tender pride !

Two faces o'er a cradle bent :
Two hands above the head were locked ;
These pressed each other while they rocked,
Those watched a life that love had sent.
O solemn hour !
O hidden power !

Two parents by the evening fire :
The red light fell about their knees
On heads that rose by slow degrees
Like buds upon the lily spire.
O patient life !
O tender strife !

The two still sat together there,
The red light shone about their knees ;
But all the heads by slow degrees
Had gone and left that lonely pair.
O voyage fast !
O vanished past !

The red light shone upon the floor
And made the space between them wide ;
They drew their chairs up side by side,
Their pale cheeks joined, and said, "Once more !"
O memories !
O past that is !
— *George Eliot.*

TWO SPOTS.

“ Two spots in all this world there are for me :
The one bright, radiant spot where beams her face,
The one vast wilderness where she is not.
Two spots in all this world there are for me.”

THE LITTLE STAGE DOOR.

There's an odd little door in a grimy blind alley,
A door that is broken, black, battered, and small.
And it stands at the end of a shadowy valley,
'Twixt a tenement house and a factory wall.
All the panels are splintered, and since they were var-
nished
The long years that have passed near amount to a
score,
And it swings with a squeak, for quite rusty and tar-
nished
Are the hinges and lock of the little stage door.

A belligerent Celt by the name of McNally,
Who, to use an old phrase, is as ugly as sin,
Stands a vigilant guard, and keeps accurate tally
Of the people who go to the regions within.
For the stranger who thoughtlessly taps at the portal
He awaits with a frown and a terrible roar
Of, "Say, what! — what d'ye want?" so the average
mortal
Has a deep-rooted fear of the little stage door.

There's the young leading man, with his dresser and
valet,
The second old man with his property frown,
Mam'zelle Somethingorother, the queen of the ballet,
Who but lately was known as Miss Smithers or
Brown,

The soubrette, the dancers, and all of the chorus, too,
With the gas man, musicians, and several more
Who aid in the bill, are the fortunate beings who
Freely pass in and out of the little stage door.

Then again there are those who persistently rally
Round about it as soon as the play's at an end —
The young swells who are seeking Maude, Minnie, or
Sally,
The duns that uncrushable trades-people send
With neat little bills which are aged and overdue,
The man with a play, the perennial bore,
And long there they linger, though none of them ever
knew
The sought-for inside of the little stage door.

Ah ! the phantoms that fancy can conjure around it
Of the faces and forms of those players who came
To it far in the past, and who finally found it
A hard conquered gate to the temple of Fame !
It has opened for these who gained riches and glory,
It has closed upon hearts that were weary and sore,
And in many a lost and forgotten life story,
What a part has been played by the little stage door.

— *Glen Mac Donough.*

AT LAST.

O the years I lost before I knew thee,
Love!

O the hills I climbed and came not to you,
Love!

Ah, who shall render unto us to make
Us glad

The things which for and of each other's sake
We might have had?

If you and I had sat and played together,
Love,

Two speechless babies in the summer weather,
Love,

By one sweet brook which, though it dried up long
Ago,

Still makes for me to-day a sweeter song
Than all I know, —

If hand in hand through the mysterious gateway,
Love,

Of womanhood we had first looked, and straightway,
Love,

Had whispered to each other, softly, ere
It yet

Was dawn, what now in noonday heat and fear
We both forget, —

If all of this had given its completeness,
Love,
To every hour, would it be added sweetness,
Love ?
Could I know sooner whether it were well
Or ill
With thee ? One wish could I more sweetly tell,
More swift fulfil ?

Ah ! vainly thus I sit and dream and ponder,
Love,
Losing the precious present while I wonder,
Love,
About the days in which you grew and came
To be
So beautiful, and did not know the name
Or sight of me.

But all lost things are in the angels' keeping,
Love ;
No past is dead for us, but only sleeping,
Love ;
The years of Heaven will all earth's little pain
Make good,
Together there we can begin again
In babyhood.

— *Helen Hunt.*

THE SPRITE OF THE GOO-GOO-GEE.

(The title of a quaint poem by the late comedian W. J. Florence. The following is an extract from it.)

A fairy came from her opal cave
In the depths of the Onyx sea,
And brought a babe with golden hair
And sparkling eyes, like diamonds rare,
And lips like rose and skin so fair,
And little fat hands, with dimples deep,
To rub his eyes when he wanted sleep,
And short plump legs with which to creep.

The fairy stopped at a farmer's gate,
And said, "I'll enter here,
For a little mother wants a babe,
With bright blue eyes that sparkle clear,
And cheeks as pink as the conch shell's ear,
And curls on its tiny pate."

Now behind this fairy kind and true,
Came another sprite called Bug-a-boo,
From the land of the Goo-goo-gee.
O, he was a nasty pop-eyed elf
That thought too much of his ugly self,
And, between you and me,
He was after the babe that the fairy brought
From the depths of the Onyx sea.

When the babe was laid on its mother's lap,
It clapped its hands with glee,
And the fairy said, "I'll leave you here
If you will promise me
Never to cry or pout or fret,
But be a sweet and darling pet
And as good as good can be.

"If ever you are a naughty child
And cause your mamma pain,
The sprite from the land of the Goo-goo-gee
Will come some night down the chim-nee
And take you away from your mamma's knee
To his cave in the black molasses sea,
And you can't come back again."

But this lovely child was very good,
And Bug-a-boo, you see,
Grew very mad because he could
Not get this fat ba-bee.

— *W. J. Florence.*

WHAT LIFE IS.

And what is life ? a little breathing space
Within a world which sounds with tread of feet
That hurry here and there to find a place
Wherein to gain a respite, short but sweet.

It is a hermitage for weary care ;
A resting-place for aching hearts and fears,
Where hope doth promise things both sweet and fair,
And leads one empty handed through the years.

Life is a time of longing and regrets,
Of dreams and fruitless efforts to achieve ;
It is a paradox which, smiling, wets
Sad eyes with bitter tears and makes hearts grieve.

It is a pilgrimage, and to what end
We cannot see or know, though fierce our strife.
The present hems us in and naught doth tend
To show us why we are. And this is life.

— *Minnie McIntyre.*

IN LOVER'S LANE, ST. JOE.

St. Joe, Buchanan County, is leagues and leagues away,
And I sit in the gloom of this rented room
And I long to be there to day.
Yes, with the London fogs around me,
And the bustling to and fro,
I am longing to be across the sea,
In Lover's Lane, St. Joe.

I would have a brown-eyed maiden go driving once again,
And I'd sing the songs as we snailed along,
That I sang to that maiden then.
I purposely said as "we snailed along,"
For the proper horse goes slow,
In the leafy aisles where Cupid smiles,
In Lover's Lane, St. Joe.

From her boudoir in the alders would peep the lynx-
eyed thrush,
And we'd hear her say in a furtive way,
To the noisy cricket, "Hush!"
To think that the curious creature
Should crane her neck to know
The various things one says and sings,
In Lover's Lane, St. Joe.

But the maples they would shield us
From the gossips of the place,
Nor would the sun, except by pun,
Profane the maiden's face ;
And the girl should do the driving,
For the fellow can't, you know,
Unless he's neglectful of what's right respectful,
In Lover's Lane, St. Joe.

In the Union Bank of London, I have £40 or more,
Which I expect to spend ere the month shall end,
In an antiquarian store ;
But I'd it give it all and gladly,
If but for an hour or so,
I could feel the grace of that distant place,
Of Lover's Lane, St. Joe.

— *Eugene Field.*

*"BY THINE OWN SOUL'S LAW LEARN TO
LIVE."*

If men thwart thee, take no heed ;
If men hate thee, have no care ;
Sing thou thy song and do thy deed,
Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer,
And claim no crown they will not give.

TO A FRIEND ESTRANGED.

I can recall the time when first we met;
Of comradeship in days that seemed divine,
A treasure of remembrance is mine;
Thy nobleness is constant with me yet.
But how or why we parted I forget
If e'er I knew; nor does one fault of thine
Dwell within the recollection I enshrine;
I only know I miss thee, and regret.

O, friend estranged, is this small world so wide
That our two paths must be apart forever?
If trivial joys congenial minds divide,
Or sordid cares the hearts of brothers sever,
What hope of reuniting can there be
In the dim After of Eternity?

HOW BUTTERFLIES ARE BORN.

The dawn is smiling on the dew that covers
The tearful roses — lo ! the little lovers —
That kiss the buds and all the flutterings
In jasmine bloom, and privet, of white wings
That go and come, and fly, and peep, and hide
With muffled music, murmured far and wide !
Ah, Springtime, when we think of all the lays
That dreamy lovers send to dreamy Mays,
Of the proud hearts within a billet bound,
Of all the soft silk paper that men wound,
The messages of love that mortals write,
Filled with intoxication of delight,
Written in April, and before the Maytime
Shredded and flown, playthings for the winds' playtime,
We dream that all white butterflies above,
Who seek through clouds or waters souls to love,
And leave their lady mistress to despair,
To flirt with flowers, as tender and more fair,
Are but torn love-letters, that through the skies
Flutter, and float, and change to butterflies.

— *Victor Hugo.*

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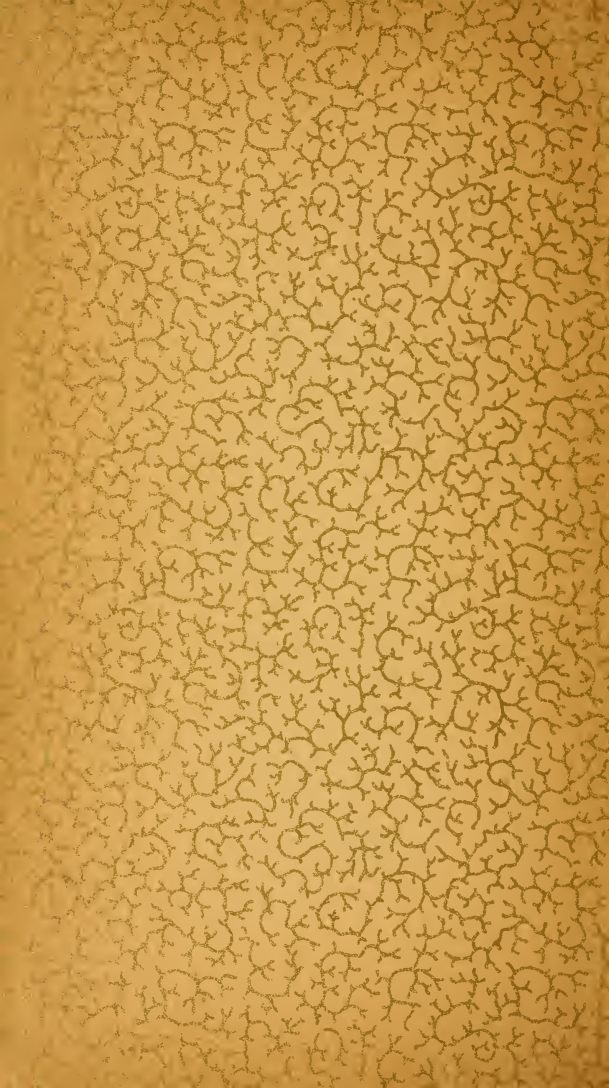
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